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Education by Radio

Editorial Foreword

When President Wilson sailed for the Versailles conference in 1919, one of the younger members of his staff was a naval radio officer, an electrical engineer who had been a pupil of Pupin at Columbia University. It was the duty of this stocky, blue-eyed, likable operator to transmit to the air the messages of the War President to the nations whose future hung on every syllable.

This young technician, Walter S. Lemmon, was also an inventor. In the course of years his numerous patents and radio devices, now used everywhere in broadcasting receiving sets, brought him royalties in addition to his salary. Today his regular job, however, is not broadcasting but the desk of a staff executive of the International Business Machines Corporation. And this young man — for he still looks as eager as a boy — has and always will have a purpose quite apart from his profession. He dreams of the air and ear as media for adult education, for the transmission of correct information to the underprivileged, for the enlightenment of the common man, in short for a University of the Air of world proportions. He envisages radio as a powerful means of promoting that international peace the vision of which many years ago received Wilson's hearty endorsement.

Mr. Lemmon utilized savings from his patent royalties to establish the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation. In 1934 the Foundation began broadcasting over short-wave frequencies from Station W1XAL above the University Club in Boston. The station accepts no advertising and operates on a nonprofit basis for the public service. Convinced of the possibilities of Mr. Lemmon's experiment, the Rockefeller Foundation has become his largest contributor. The Carnegie Corporation also helped with an extensive musical library, and several private donors, including Mr. Lemmon's chief, Mr. Thomas J. Watson, President of International Business Machines, who is also a trustee of the unique Broadcasting Foundation. In addition, the station has several thousand contributing members among its listeners, scattered over the globe. They receive printed announcements of the programs and auxiliary educational matter.

Short Waves

Short waves have their own laws of behavior. They bounce up to the mirror of the Kennelly gaseous layer, which reflects them down to envelop the earth. Therefore, in a small zone near the broadcasting antenna they are not audible but when sent from our east coast they are strong in New Zealand, where they meet after girdling the earth in two directions.

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W1XAL estimates its audience at 500,000. It has hearers in every country and in none more enthusiastic than in Switzerland. South and Central America, where short-wave receiving sets have been generally introduced, eagerly tune in to programs in Basic, as well as Spanish, French, and Portuguese. The colleges of New England co-operate in producing the programs.

W1XAL risks more than commercial radio can afford on the intelligence of the average man. During the Harvard Tercentenary in 1936, this Boston station put on direct from the lecture halls 45 learned addresses by the world's leading scholars, commonly supposed to be too profound for the lay public. At present, microphones are often placed by W1XAL in the classrooms of Massachusetts colleges, and the lectures transmitted unedited to all who tune in. In transcribed form they are repeated at hours when the people of the Antipodes are awake. This method is followed this season, for example, in a course of 3 important lectures delivered by Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School.

Mr. Lemmon's "university of the air," is, of course, not the first experiment in stations that broadcast for public service. Thirty-eight of the 700 odd stations now licensed by the Federal Communications Commission are owned by public institutions. Many university stations have risen and waned because of lack of funds, dull programs, or the competition of more expert and more artistically equipped commercial stations. The most self-contained has been the School of the Air, Station WHA, maintained since 1919 at the University of Wisconsin and financed by the State. Its programs, although helpful indeed to farmers and all citizens of Wisconsin, in their elaborate but somewhat amateurish efforts to be popular tend to underestimate the intelligence of the public.

The air everywhere today is charged with amusements, cheap humor, advertisements, ballyhoo. From this uproar it is even more difficult to glean the truth than it is from the daily press. The universities, by and large, are the surest repositories of truth. They are not easily disturbed by either politics or profit. Here scholars spend their lives assembling exact and indisputable information. But this wisdom, like "the good," too oft is interred with their bones. Radio, particularly the almost limitless and until now little used frequencies of short waves outside the relatively narrow band of the long waves pre-empted by commercial broadcasting, offers a means, if the voices of the wise men can be subsidized and at the same time simplified and dramatized, of transmitting to millions of adult minds, often more hungry for information than even the student body, the experiences of the ages, the correct diagnosis of the present, and the legitimate astrology of the future.

Who Owns the Air?

Since the beginnings of radio our commercial companies have felt, somewhat stricken in conscience, that they are impinging on the public domain and thereby incurring a social obligation. Therefore they give what time they feel they can afford to educational programs or else they donate out of their advertising profits money gifts to smaller educational stations. They have indeed put on superb educational programs, particularly in music, but as yet the percentage of time given to education in the valuable evening hours is pathetically small.

Who owns the air?

A visiting Chinese in New York some years ago told how in his country certain deeds to private property included the air above as high as the mountains. He had always thought this clause an impractical flight of Chinese whimsy until he came to New York and saw the skyscrapers.

The air should be reserved first of all for governments and secondly protected for disinterested international education. There must be firmer authority in Washington, however conscientious have been the efforts of the Federal Communications Commission and the various national committees on education by radio. But this does not mean that the United States need become as rigid as Great Britain, where radio is a government monopoly financed by taxes on receiving sets.

We are at the dawn of a tremendous opportunity to quicken the minds of the people through the sound waves. Two factors are necessary: patient private initiative and wise government regulation.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Junior League Ladies

by **STRUTHERS BURT**

THIRTY-ONE THOUSAND persons are a lot of people even in a country of 130,000,000. And they are especially a lot of people when most of them are young, good-looking, and fairly wealthy. When in addition all these persons are women, held together by a closely knit organization, their potential power is increased at least fivefold. For, roughly speaking, within the periphery of each young woman's influence are five other people: husbands, brothers, sisters, fiancés, and mothers. (We'll leave out the fathers. By the time a man's 50, he's usually made for good or bad. Bad, as a rule.)

America is an odd country. Though she was founded on a passionate belief in the individual and direct action, no other country save Germany has gone quite so mad about systems, methods, and organization. Americans, male and female, delude themselves with the belief that, once a system — any system — is perfected, something important has been accomplished.

We have a national habit of cultivating mountains for the purpose of producing mice.

What is the Junior League; what was its origin; who are its members; and what is its purpose?

Don't blame me. Those aren't my questions. I am quoting from the *History of the Junior League*, which lies on the table before me.

A man or an organization (and justly) are judged not so much by performance as by pretensions and the gap between those and performance. The Junior League has performed well in many directions, but its purpose is large and so worthy, so important that quite justly one may call attention to a discrepancy.

There is no more widely advertised organization than the Junior League, none more influential. The name itself is portentous. *The Association of the Junior Leagues of America* sounds like the League of the Fronde, the League of the Hanseatic Cities. The League endorsement of a product, a shop, a movement, a book, a play carries enormous weight, and is jealously guarded. The League's activities are innumerable; its standards of work, its integrity are above reproach. The League is growing as rapidly as a well-watered, well-cultivated plum tree.

There are today 145 Junior Leagues in the United States (including Hawaii), 6 in Canada, 1 in Mexico. Almost every big city and many a small one has its Junior League; and these leagues are held together by the national association. A field secretary is constantly at work co-ordinating the local leagues, and the Association publishes a large, exceedingly handsome and well-made monthly magazine. In addition, many of the more powerful local leagues, such as the parent league (New York), publish smaller monthly magazines of their own.

The name of the New York Junior League's magazine is, unfortunately, *The Observer*.

The national association occupies three

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floors of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with its offices and clubhouse, and the New York League has its own magnificent clubhouse at 221 East Seventy-first Street.

Last year the national association sent out 87,205 notices.

That's a lot of notices.

The social importance of the League, using the term in its narrow sense, varies with different cities, although membership everywhere is a decoration and a passport. In New York the League is extremely powerful socially; even Lucius Beebe occasionally recognizes it. In Philadelphia this is not so much the case. Philadelphia has her own standards, baffling to foreigners (which means all the rest of the United States). In most communities, especially New York, the South, and the Middle West, to whatever other qualifications you may give a young woman you usually add, "She's a Junior Leaguer." That means she's attractive, well-born, intelligent, well-to-do, in fair gland condition, and sufficiently liberal at least not to wish the poor to starve to death.

The Washington League is in revolt and not in very good odor with the Association. It seems to be doing some excellent work. The Boston League is weak; it has to compete with the Vincent Club and Harvard's lighter moments. The Milwaukee League is powerful and exhibits the good sense of that remarkable city. And so on — the various leagues differ of course, with each city.

On the New York Social Register, the letters *J.L.* are a recognized addition to a young woman's name and address. Anyway, it's a nice thing to be — a Junior Leaguer. And the Junior League is a nice organization.

Miss Elsa Maxwell alone raises a voice of rotund, dogmatic dissent. She says the Junior Leagues are "not socially interesting." With all due respect to Miss Maxwell, the rest of the country resents, at moments, her assumption concerning both words.

Great Expectations

The League was started in New York in 1901 by a couple of young matrons, Mrs. Charles Carey Rumsey and Mrs. Joseph Swan, at the beginning, as the League itself says, of a "new era for American women." This was the era, if you recollect, which ended, after twenty years of struggle, in a constitutional amendment that permitted women to turn their minds once more, if they so desired, to the wearing of slave bangles — an opportunity most of them seized with a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Rumsey and Mrs. Swan had, however, a high, a valorous, and a sensible intention. It's a pity it hasn't been carried out. Succinctly, their idea was to turn the debutante and the post-debutante into assets instead of century-old intra- and extramural pests. Furthermore, the idea was that, having caught the debutante, the League would keep her intelligent at least until the age of 45, when she would retire from active membership.

Realizing the potentialities inherent in the combined wealth and energies and power and comparative leisure of the young women they knew, Mrs. Rumsey and Mrs. Swan wished to turn these into constructive channels both local and national. At the moment, the College Settlements were the principal mediums for the socially minded well-to-do, and at first Mrs. Rumsey and Mrs. Swan turned in that direction. But the League soon outgrew its beginnings.

Vaguely — but definitely for their period — Mrs. Rumsey and Mrs. Swan perceived that the young women they hoped to interest owed something to the community and the nation for the opportunities lavished on them and the amount of money they had cost. (Even then it took somewhere around $30,000 per head to raise a debutante to what might be called debutante market maturity. The cost has now doubled.)

But the founders of the League did not realize, apparently, the dangers latent in their especial program, the vices coexistent with its virtues. They did not realize, for one thing, that debutantes by sheer weight of numbers might carry the debutante mind into maturity and into the running of a great organization.

The League was founded — and properly — on a strong sense of aristocracy, but the first job of an aristocrat, if he wishes to be effective in that capacity, is to forget that he is one. Forget, that is, all but the ingrained, essential, unconscious kernel of the conception. In the most long-suffering periods the attitude of the Lady Bountiful has not been above criticism, and nowadays the position is untenable. Definitely Mrs. Rumsey and Mrs. Swan wished to be shut of this female — the young lady of

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wealth who twice a year, on Christmas Day and All Souls', leaves a basket of food for the poor, daintily and by the agency of a footman.

Unfortunately the Junior League has made almost a full circle in this respect. About the League as a whole there is, to say the least, an atmosphere of what might be called almost jocund complacency. It is all right to be highly manicured and permanently waved physically, if you can afford it, but it's bad to be highly manicured and permanently waved mentally and spiritually.

A number of Junior Leaguers are so pleased with their social position and so quietly conscious of their good works that at any moment you expect roses to blossom in their handbags as they blossomed in the basket of Queen Elizabeth of Hungary while she was carrying bread across the snows to the poor. And this mood of ecstatic smugness seems to affect all those who touch the League from time to time.

This is by no means altogether the League's fault. Undoubtedly the League has the worst possible publicity. No reporter, male or female, seems to be able to speak of it without bursting into that nightingale note with which invariably the newspaper mind, so stark, so democratic, so American, so unsnobbish, approaches the rich or those it thinks rich.

I am meditating a recent description of the New York League's *activities* (a word beloved of entomologists) taken from the Sunday magazine section of the *New York Times*. The great hospitals of "Manhattan" are described, the miles of corridors. And then:

> Frequently now as a permanent fixture, a room somewhere in a basement or lower hall into which bursts like a small whirlwind about nine o'clock each morning a bevy of last night's belles, this season's debutantes, next June's college graduates. All volunteers.

Hurray!

No less typical is a VIVACIOUS SOCIETY GIRL DESCRIBES HER SERVICES IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL headline from the *New York World-Telegram*.

There is no place where vivacity is more in keeping with the spirit of things than Bellevue Hospital.

Meanwhile, the Philadelphia League, not to be outdistanced, has been engaged in a breath-taking struggle with the leagues of Reading, Baltimore, Wilmington, and Lancaster to determine who plays the best bridge. You will be glad to learn that the "Philadelphia gals," as the Philadelphia papers put it, "got off to a flying start."

THE LEAGUE AT WORK

BUT THE FOUNDERS of the League had considerably more in their minds than merely local charity. The Junior League movement represented, to paraphrase its history, a serious endeavor to induce young women of wealth to become active and constructive factors in their communities and, in particular, to fit them through training to become intelligent citizens.

There's the particular catch and the particular criticism!

The Junior League "principle," a principle constantly referred to in the literature of the League, is this:

> The fundamental aims of the program of every League shall be the continued education of the members for intelligent citizen participation in shaping social programs.

On May 21, 1937, after a bitter debate, the delegates to the annual American Junior League Association Conference passed a resolution forbidding the Junior Leagues to endorse by their names or funds any movement pertaining to religious or social beliefs, party politics, or national industrial or economic issues or any movement which might militate against a united League or Association. To make this fairly all-embracing decision ironclad, a rider was added forbidding any further discussion for at least two years, lest it "take up too much valuable time."

The Junior League, it was decided, could best serve the purposes for which it was founded by the individual education, through the activities of the various local leagues, of its members.

The individual education of the members of the New York League for the month of February, 1938, consisted of the following:

Three days — scattered through the month

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— Garden Course. Four days, ditto, Hospital Libraries Training Course. Four days, ditto, Occupational Therapy. Four days, ditto, Dancing Class. February 4, Glee Club Concert. Four days, scattered through the month, Sewing Circle. On the afternoons of the Sewing Circle, Financial Discussion Group. (That must have been illuminating.) Three days, scattered through the month, Religious Discussion Group. February 10, Hospital Committee Lunch, with speakers. February 16, French Course. February 28, Arts and Interests Committee, lunch. March 1, Flower Show.

While the Junior League of New York was engaged in this signal program of "intelligent citizenship," Hitler was getting ready for *Anschluss;* America was preparing for her annual floods, caused largely by American carelessness and selfishness; Russia was beginning one of her early spring trials, perennial as crocuses; the Japanese were slaughtering the Chinese, or the other way about; a civil war was dragging on in Spain; English children were being trained in the use of gas masks; 10,000,000 Americans were out of work; 500,000 of us were in lunatic asylums; a crime was being committed every 12 seconds; that modern skeleton at the feast, the recession (or depression), was omnipresent; New York City was enjoying a normal crop of rapes, murders, and revelations; and the Young Women's Republican Clubs of New York were taking an intensive course in "the principles of government, finance and economics." (Since there are no known "principles" of government, finance, or economics, it is doubtful that the young Republican women of New York learned much, but their interest is at least a courteous gesture in the direction of intelligence. In any event, they do not refuse to recognize the *Zeitgeist* socially.)

It would be stupid to object to good works of any kind, however trifling, localized, or supernumerary. Were the Junior Leagues purely social, athletic, or recreational clubs, no one could have a word to say in criticism of them. And this is no attempt to kill a butterfly with an ax, for the Junior Leaguers are not butterflies. They are 31,000 young or youngish women, for the most part as energetic and well-muscled as polo ponies and almost equally susceptible to intelligent training. They have made a promise, and you have to take them seriously. They would be very angry with you if you didn't.

You cannot dismiss that promise with the easy answer that the Junior Leagues represent a frivolous class and therefore cannot help being frivolous. That is an American cliché. Where frivolity is concerned, all classes average about the same. The unwary observer is fooled by the surface appearance of seriousness presented by those classes whose chief preoccupation has to be the grim one of making a living. But making a living is by no means necessarily the most serious part of life, and it is not the experience of most unprejudiced persons that very wealthy individuals are exceptionally frivolous. On the whole they are less so than plain working people. Most millionaires are sad and serious little men. Besides, the Junior Leagues are not composed exclusively of the daughters of the very rich. Most of the members belong to only moderately wealthy families, and the vast majority have every intention of earning their own livings.

Getting Down to Cases

Destructive criticism, of course, is easy and never altogether fair. The League should be given full credit — and don't worry; it is — for all the worthy projects it has sponsored and is undertaking.

At the present writing, 137 of the 145 leagues have 183 projects under way, ranging in kind from child health, through almost every form of medical-social work, to a home for unmarried mothers. In the child-health field the League has 61 projects scattered throughout the country. In other children's work — day nurseries, child guidance, etc. — it has 31 projects. In adult health — the blind, the deaf, the crippled, hospital libraries, etc. — it has 40 projects. In family work — settlement work — it has 16 projects. In leisure-time activities — community centers, camps, playgrounds — it has 18 projects.

Perhaps one of the best things certain Junior Leagues have done is to start children's theaters where the very young can see something other than Clark Gable and Shirley Temple.

The Little Rock, Arkansas, League has done splendid work for the blind by transcribing books into braille.

I have no intention of minimizing any of this. I merely point to the fact that none of it gets

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to the roots of things. Obviously the League must keep its skirts clear of party politics, racial strife, and religious differences, but the most important questions facing this country today are not political, racial, or religious (or, where they are, shouldn't be).

While the Junior League of Philadelphia was holding its intercity bridge tournament, an English expert was remarking that the Philadelphia slums were the worst in the world, a statement backed up a month later by the Housing Administrator of the United States.

Venereal disease is not political, racial, or religious. Death in childbirth is not political, racial, or religious. In these matters America has one of the worst of all records.

Education is not political, racial, or religious. Public education is the cornerstone of a democracy and public education in the United States has reached a new low.

The slaughter on our highways is not controversial. We kill about 46,000 people a year this way and maim about 1,000,000 more.

The miserable appearance of most of our cities, towns, highways, and countrysides, what we have done to this so beautiful America, is not controversial.

The Junior League might even set itself to get rid of the "servant problem." No other could be more easily banished by the application of common sense.

Leave the question of what to do up to the League itself. But the League, like every other social-service body, should recognize a basic fact: Practically every problem that vexes us is a result, not a cause.

Poverty is a result, not a cause. War is a result, not a cause. Crime is a result, not a cause. Disease, prostitution, financial panics, social injustice, human inequality are results, not causes. Volunteer nursing is a beautiful gesture, but it's a good deal like kissing a child after you've run over him.

An Intellectual Revolution

More than any organization in our country, the Junior League has a chance to discover in a broad and general way what is wrong with the world. Most people are too busy keeping the little wolves away from the door to have much time to think about the big wolves whose whelps the little wolves are.

What an opportunity youth, wealth, imagination, comparative leisure, and countrywide organization present for study, case and laboratory work, and the collation of these findings into practical programs!

To do all this properly, however, another basic step is necessary — an intellectual surrender, to paraphrase the terminology of the Oxford Group.

Americans as a whole, irrespective of class, are the most childish and backward political, economic, and social thinkers extant in any of the great democratic countries. And, leading this undistinguished parade, instead of seeking to arrest it, are most of the privileged and educated Americans. Passion takes the place of information, prejudice of vision, selfishness of patriotism. But now an honest and realistic approach is becoming a matter of life and death.

The Junior Leagues are already overburdened with educational courses; they might scrap all of them and have one course only — a course in the technique of thought and thinking. Such a course, it may be hoped, would furnish the Junior Leaguer with a new and consuming interest that would last her all her life: the search for truth, the passionate and luminous desire to come to grips with intellectual candor and veracity.

Either the Junior League should break up into small, practically autonomous groups, humbly and quietly dedicated to minor local good works, or else it should begin to live up to the portentous promise it has given the country. The League presents a clear case of a top-heavy organization that has lost sight of its purpose in the machinery.

Meanwhile, the League is adequately expressing itself in the manner of the following verses, charming but slightly *epuisés*, which appeared in a recent number of the *Junior League Magazine:*

You have the exquisite line
That sweeps from brow to chin,
Your bones are long and fine
Beneath your polished skin.

You hide your brilliant mind,
Elusive, subtle, wild
With reticence behind
The clear eyes of a child.

Mesdames et mademoiselles, adieu! "La Féminine Eternal nous attire au ciel" — or so Goethe thought.

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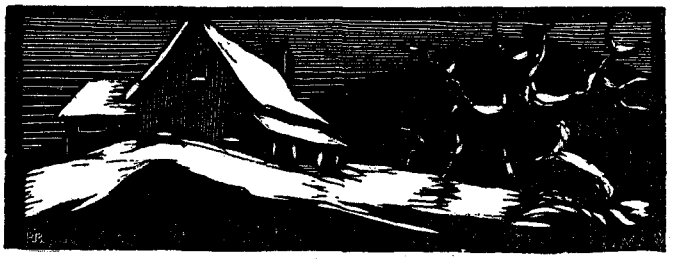
Week-end Pioneers



by **RALPH HALEY**

THROW A 100-MILE circle about any of our larger cities and you will catch most of the creatures I am talking about. They might be called week-end pioneers. They are the men and women who on their precious week ends from early spring to late fall — yes and in the dead of winter too — abandon the comfort of their suburban homes or city apartments to woo life in the rough.

The real addicts among them own a few cheap acres somewhere within driving distance. There is perhaps an abandoned and disintegrating farmhouse on the land — or a cabin or a tent. To this paradise they go, to work like Chinese coolies and to sleep in discomfort. They return with cuts and abrasions, colds in the head, and poison ivy. And next week end, somewhat recovered, they go forth to do it all over again.

Are they a little mad? Yes, obviously; their delusions are manifold. And yet there may be a subtle sanity about them too. Or so it seems to me, for my wife and I are of their company.

The back-to-the-land movement which drives them burgeons with the spring. On the first warm days the city dweller throws open the windows of his stuffy apartment, gazes up at the tender blue of the sky, inhales the dulcet airs, and begins to dream of meadows and clear-running brooks, of a little place of his own "away from it all."

And the country real-estate agent, knowing well that at this season the very gods are on his side, raises his voice in lyric persuasiveness. He has wares to charm the apartment dweller and he knows it. He offers land, plenty of land at $15 an acre, to those who have paid more than that sum for their skimped window boxes; space and seclusion to those daily crushed in subways and jostled on their own stairs; the dignity of owning a spot of earth to those galled by subservience to landlords. And he throws in a brook and an old orchard for good measure.

A real fancier of this land-selling literature — and I am one — can get pleasure from the whole range of country real-estate ads. But the advertisements that really get under my skin are found under *Farms and Acreage* in the classified advertisements of metropolitan newspapers and in the catalogues of scores of rural real-estate agencies which have city headquarters. Their lure is couched in phrases of bluff simplicity:

> 40 ACRES. Good 7-room colonial dwelling, cellar, lovely spring water, barn, woodshed. 4 miles to depot town, half-hour drive to city. 22 acres tillable, warm loamy soil. Brook-watered pasture; woodlot; 25 apple trees; also pear, plum trees; blueberries. Rare buy at $575, terms.

> 100 ACRES. Owner asks only the value of the land for this quiet old homestead of 6 rooms, 2 fireplaces, running water, electricity expected to be available, sheltered location; barn and two sheds. 30 acres dark loam tillage; about 70 acres brook-watered pasture and woodland; sugar maple bush; 90 apple trees, grapes, blackberries. Rare buy at $1,300, $700 cash, including dining table, chairs, beds, etc.

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

WELL, THOSE ARE samples of the advertisements that fetched us. My wife and I decided to invest a few hundred dollars — a very few — in a place for week ends and vacations, a place in which to learn about cultivating something other than charge accounts. We even had visions of a retreat against a rainy day when our small contribution to urban production might no longer be in demand.

So we went forth with overweening enthusiasm, one spring day seven years ago, and bought a derelict New England farm as expeditiously as you would buy a second-hand car — and paid just about that much money for it.

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We signed the papers with the glowing idea that we were now landowners in a magnificent way. None of your scrubby suburban quarter-acres, edged with pavement, for us! No, we had 40 odd rich acres (just then producing huckleberry bushes and sprouting goldenrod) and an authentic colonial farmhouse (unviolated by paint or repairs for near half a century).

Of course we understood, even in the midst of our first rosy dreams, that our rural Eden was a bit too primitive for perfection. Even our fond eyes could see that the house was a mere shell surrounding a chaos of buckled floors and falling plaster; that the windows were broken out and the sagging doors would not close; and that the big stone that had once formed the fireplace hearth had broken through its supporting timbers and now lay in the cellar ooze. We knew that a swarm of bees lived under the loose clapboards over the front door, even though we did not know then how hard they could sting. Yes, we could see the flaws. But we hadn't been able to pay much, and nobody expects charity from a rural real-estate agent. We only hoped that the essence of what we wanted was there and that hard work with our hands would fulfill its possibilities.

Of course our optimism was absurd. Anybody with a grain of sense — anybody, that is, but a young city couple drunk with the idea of owning land — could have told us that an abandoned farm like that isn't worth fooling with. We could spend every vacation for years painting and scraping and carpentering and digging and still have nothing but a decrepit old house and a few uncertain vegetables. True enough.

And yet, after seven years of tinkering and digging, we are still joyously going back to that old place whenever we can spare a week end. We are completely disillusioned and at the same time completely satisfied. And it is this curious paradox that I should like to explain, for the benefit of countless others who would like to try a similar adventure and for their friends who look on them as mad.

The Sucker's Delight

What is the driving urge behind such city back-to-the-land movements?

In most cases it is the idea that, with title to a few acres of arable land and some sort of habitation, your future is somehow more secure. If you had to, you could raise a big garden full of vegetables; you could keep a cow, a pig, and some chickens; you could cut your fuel in the woods, live like the pioneers, and "get along" without money.

This might be termed the grand delusion. If you have money, you can live in the country; but, in the state of not having money, you can starve and freeze and die of appendicitis in the country quite as effectively as anywhere else.

Just consider winter weather, for one thing — assuming that you keep your health and have enough to eat. The quaint old house which seems so snug in the rigorous weather of May (you hardly suffered at all, even on that frightful morning when there was actually frost on the grass!) turns out to be no better than a sieve against the icy spear thrust of winter's first sub-zero gale. That doorsill which you put in so cleverly to hide the gap at the bottom of the eccentrically hung front door looks tight, but over it pours a current of frigid air till you seem to be standing ankle deep in the water of a mountain brook.

Our own house stands in a protected valley and now looks as foresquare and weather-tight as the best of them. But, as we sat before a roaring open fire one winter week end, a bucket of water behind us on the floor (dipped from the fast-running brook) slowly congealed into ice.

Of course, if you want to wrap the bare bones of your house with a blanket of excellent (and expensive) insulation and install a powerful furnace, you may contrive to make it snug. But by that time your little retreat has become a modernized, mortgaged house on which you'll meet the payments and high taxes — or else!

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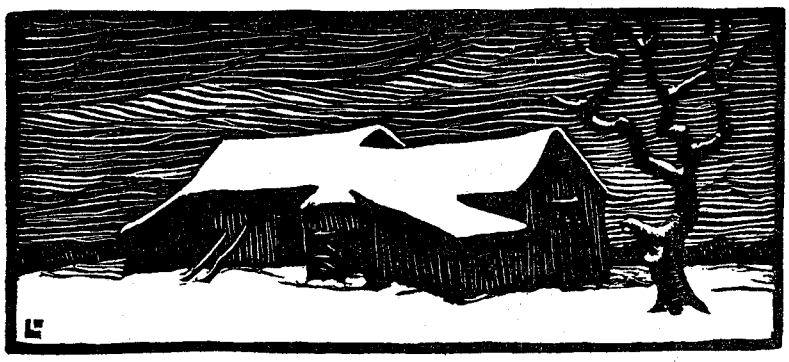
Again, what a sucker's come-on phrase is *arable land*. Why is it possible to pick up so much cheap "arable land" with old farms? And why was so much of it "lying fallow" — spotted over with bushes and even sturdy young birches and oaks — before you came along and decided to farm it?

Well, the answer, in a sentence, is that anything you raise on it will cost you, radish for radish and beet for beet, just a little more than it would if you bought it at the grocery store. That is: a little more if you really are a pretty good farmer; a lot more if you don't know your soils and fertilizers. If you are lucky you can, of course, pick out a little plot for a kitchen garden, pry or blast a few rocks out of it, fence it sturdily with rabbit- and woodchuck-proof wire, and in God's good time have nice crops of beans and beets and sweet corn — plenty to eat and enough left over so you can send around a few baskets to the neighbors. But don't get the idea that it will be any economy. It won't.

Other Daydreams

We thought that having a place in the country would solve vacation problems. We should be spared deciding where to spend those priceless few weeks "away from it all." We should have a place of our own to go to.

And vacation problems were solved — most emphatically! We had a place to go; the stinger was that we could never go anywhere else. There were always too many things to be done to our estate after the winter to dream of neglecting them while we accepted that invitation to go to the beach or took that trip to Virginia. Moreover, with the astounding capacity of such a place as ours to drain away the half-dollars and ten-dollar bills in little improvements, we couldn't afford to go anywhere else.



We should rent it occasionally, you say?

Ah, but an outsider who did not share our personal devotion to that particular spot could never be fully *en rapport*. He would consider it a chore to go three miles every morning for the milk; he would lose his temper and break things when the pump refused to produce water on a parched afternoon; he would not know how to humor the oil stove and might burn the place up altogether.

We thought, too, that we could be ourselves, that there would be no incentive to "keep up with the Joneses."

What an illusion! Pick the most inaccessible retreat in four counties and you will shortly find that you are within twenty minutes' drive of a dozen other city families who are doing the very same thing.

Mrs. Fairweather will drop over one afternoon and admire your flower garden, and you will go back with her to her place and notice that her husband has made a charming little garden pool in his lawn. But it looks a little too artificial, you conclude privately, and begin to lay plans for a little pool of your own which will have just that extra something that will make all the difference.

This sort of thing goes on, pride leading to pride, until you find yourself engaged in an amazing rivalry. The saving grace is that it has none of the deadly jealousy involved in trying to own the larger car, the more expensive radio, the finer fur coat. The rivalry for rural improvements is out in the open, something to admit and to enjoy and to banter about. (And to strain every nerve, financial and physical, to excel in. Yes, you'll kill yourself trying to keep up with the Fairweathers.)

One can now readily see what became of our last illusion: that we should acquire leisure; that time would hover, giving us golden hours to "read those books," to paint, to write. It was not to be. So incredible was the fascination of manual accomplishment, of carpentering, gardening, and general puttering, and so exhausting was its result that it seemed to become an end in itself. I shall not labor the point; it may be that others can invite their souls in country surroundings. But we read little but detective stories, painted

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only shutters and book cases, and wrote nothing at all. The last illusion.

Eccentrics' Paradise

Perhaps this formidable list of blasted hopes would seem to overwhelm any possible compensations. But, as the illusions disappear, the genuine satisfactions increase.

For one thing, you have more room in the country, and space inevitably brings an expansion of the spirit. You are more of an individual here among broad, quiet fields; you develop curious ambitions and skills, become mildly eccentric, and enjoy the process very much.

I know one city couple, for instance, whose great reason for coming to the country seems to be lawn culture. Every week end they race out from the city to their neat little white house and, as soon as they can change their clothes, they are at work mowing, weeding, and trimming. Their lawn is a big one, and they seem to finish their work — making it a lawn, incidentally, which would grace an English country house — just in time to drive home Sunday night. They never have time to enjoy this lawn in its perfection, for when they return the grass is ready to cut again. But it's the work itself that counts, and their abounding pleasure in it is self-evident.

I know another man, a surgeon, retired after a distinguished career in New York, whose interest in swamps amounts to a passion. He knows every marshy spot for miles around, and his acquaintance with them is not superficial. He is drawn into them as other men are drawn into temptation. With complete clinical absorption and self-oblivion he lies down in them, smells them, tastes them, feels them, and notes their plants, mosses, and soils. I don't know why he does it, but he does; and that's what counts.

Another man, an artist whom New York knows well, cannot find the days long enough for his experiments in grafting nut trees. He has hundreds of young trees coming along, and to him each tree is an absorbing problem. I honestly suspect that each tree has a name and that if you woke him up in the night he could tell you its present state of health and future prospects. Yet again it is the work itself and not the goal that delights him.

Once, strolling over his acres and observing his concentration on his trees, I reminded him of my presence by asking, "What will you have here fifty years from now?"

With a grin, he answered, "Squirrels."

So — whether it is lawns, swamps, nuts, chickens, or Nubian goats — it is easy in the country to find an interest that will absorb and delight you. Whether or not it happens to make sense to anybody else just doesn't matter.

Compensations

Social life is also on a broader base in the country than in the city.

The social unit in the country is the family. Instead of having a couple of friends in to play bridge, you have the whole family over to spend the afternoon, and that means the three children and Grandfather too.

Invitations to parties are issued by grapevine telegraph, because there are few telephones. You simply mention to two or three people that you are giving a party on a certain night and ask them to pass the word along to the others. On the appointed evening, some twenty persons, young and old, friends and their guests, arrive. It's a little breath-taking to see five more unexpected guests arrive just when the punch is running low and everybody seems already to have eaten eight ears of corn instead of the five you had estimated. But somehow the food and drink hold out, and the party is a success.

The point is that in the city you see socially only the people you expect to like. In the country you see everybody, and are astonished at the spice and variety which this mixing of all ages and temperaments affords.

Another pleasure is in giving and receiving more — a country amenity which can hardly

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bloom in city or suburb, where efficiency and cash values reign.

In a place where you telephone the grocer for your vegetables, you can't drop in on the Joneses with a bag of butter beans for supper. In the first place, you don't have the butter beans, and of course it is unthinkable to buy them for the gift. But even suppose you *have* some butter beans growing in your backyard garden and want to be neighborly: As you pick them, it comes over you that Mrs. Jones probably knows just what butter beans cost in the market today, and you can't help estimating, a little sourly, that your gift is worth perhaps twelve cents cash. You wonder if Mrs. Jones will estimate, too, and finally decide you had better give the damn beans to that poor colored family. Your anticipated gift has become a charity and has quite lost its fragrance.

In the country you can make your gift with no thought except that these are very superior beans and that you are rather a capable fellow to have raised them.

Of course the mechanics of living in the country are awkward and inefficient. There is water to be pumped, wood to cut and carry, the stove to be cleaned and intricately adjusted, the garbage to be buried. None of these tasks is pleasant in itself; yet it is not a misstatement to say that pleasure comes from doing them.

In city or suburb our physical needs are attended to with such efficient machinery that we have few real "chores" left; but we make up for it in mental strain. It is very convenient to turn on the gas or to run the tub full of hot water. But we pay for it in worrying over the monthly bills.

In the country you cut wood and pump water, and it's hard on muscles but easy on the mind. And, somehow, substituting a certain amount of muscle strain for mental strain seems to add up to happier living — within reason, of course.

It is also a constant pleasure, in the country, to find what satisfaction you can get from your own ingenuities.

In the city I have a very fine shower bath, with tiled sides and needle sprays and a thermostatic mixing valve which insures a constant stream of water at the exact temperature desired. I enjoy it very much and am very busy in there with my wheels, handles, and thermometers.

In the country I have a few lengths of pipe leading from a hillside spring to a shower nozzle in an old apple tree. When I turn the tap there is first a flow of warm water, for the pipe lies exposed to the sun. But soon it is cool, and then I am gasping in a gush of water straight from the shady spring. A few seconds of this, and then out into the blanketing warmth of the summer sun and the fragrance of the surrounding wall of wild azaleas.

A cold shower within four walls is a rigorous discipline; out in the sunshine it is pure delight. And the delight is enhanced by the fact that the first installation cost was less than $4 and that there is never a water bill or any fuel charge for that first grateful flow of warm water.

Moreover, I made the whole thing, am master of the machine, and could replace it if need arose. I could not fix even one refractory needle spray in that tiled city shower and I always feel rather humbled and inadequate before its intricacies.

I suppose that, after all, that is the secret bewitchment of country living. You work with simple things, which you can understand and master, or you deal with the great natural forces of sun and rain and wind, which no man can master and before which it is a joy to be humble. In either attitude there is enjoyment and self realization.

For some of us, too, there is a love of simple old architecture or of sweet, fertile earth or of shy, wild birds and animals or of space — mere worthless land, which does nothing but separate one from constricting boundary lines and gives one room to wander without thought of intrusion or trespass.

It was love of such things that brought us to the country, even though the love was sometimes so buried that we did not know it. We disguised our love by other names; we thought we were trying to correct our economic insecurity or to become farmers. But we were not, and we are secretly pleased when these false values are stripped away.

We go to the country, when we can get away from our other jobs, just because we are happier there. We are week-end pioneers because we need occasional release from all the comforts of home.

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Connecticut, Spare My Land!

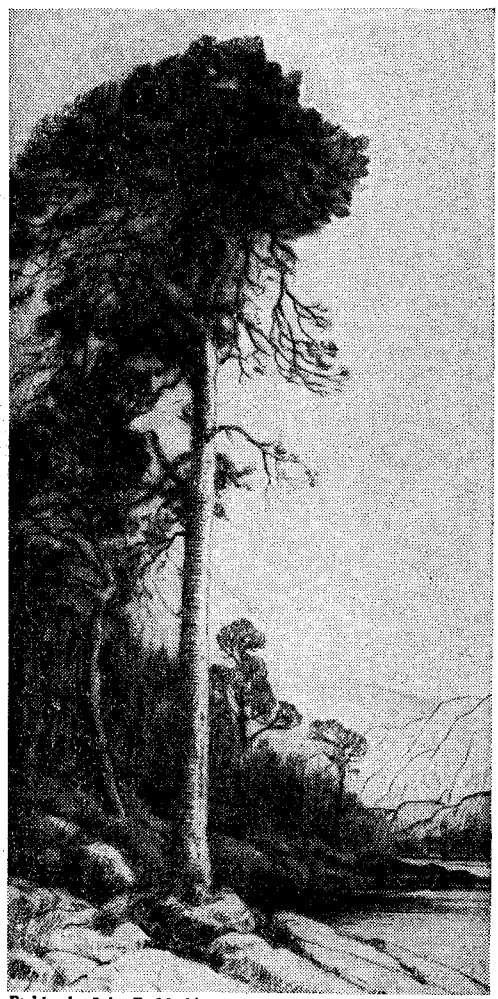
by **ROGER BURLINGAME**

A FEW YEARS ago, I bought a little patch of land.

I was not actuated, like some of my friends, by fear of revolution. I have never felt the red menace or even the white one, if that is what fascism is. But I had lost my money in what were called securities, when I bought them; so, when I made some more, I decided to put it into something solid, something in which I should be the sole stockholder and about whose disposal I should have the deciding vote. Its money value might, I knew, vary from time to time, but its dividends in satisfaction to me could hardly be manipulated in a remote exchange. Nor, if I chose to raise vegetables, chickens, or even pigs and cows, could their food value to me be altered by any rise or drop in The Market.

So my four acres — "more or less," as the deed specified — seemed a better investment than industrial stocks. I had a profound belief in the ancient myth that the American's home is his castle and that his life in it is free. My life as a small shareholder in an industrial company was certainly not free, nor did the certificate seem to protect me from invasion. But the land was *all mine;* the deed said so, and the Constitution of the United States said that no one could take it away from me without giving me good reasons why, in the courts.

Perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps I should have paid more attention to the power of industry. Perhaps I should have investigated, then instead of later, some of the industrial dictatorships I have since discovered. Perhaps I should have done a little historical research to find out how, in a highly industrialized State, certain corporations had subverted and finally nullified the sovereignty of the people — corporations which could even reach out and take land away from individuals, if the land happened to be desirable for industrial purposes. Perhaps, if I had done this investigating before I bought my land, I should have found myself better off, after all, with four shares of stock in some large Connecticut public utility — say the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co. — instead of four acres of Connecticut land.



Etching by John E. Mathieson *Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.*

I did not choose Connecticut because it was one of the most individualistic States in the country and would, therefore, make the last stand against revolution. Nor did I choose it because, paradoxically, it was also one of the most industrialized States in America. I chose it because I loved it. I still do. But what is going to happen to my property seems to rest, at the moment, with a few stockholders whose proxies meet occasionally to vote about the various landholdings of the free citizens of my county.

I chose my particular land because it had water

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on it. That is not a wise reason for choice in Fairfield County. If you see a trickle, however small, on a piece of land some agent is showing you, dodge it as you would the plague. There was a large trickle on my land and a pond besides. I thought I might have a very pleasant pool to swim in and a water garden along the brook. These are frivolous projects which only "city folks" would think of. But a near neighbor of mine bought his land because he depends for his livelihood on a dairy, and his brook is essential to his stock. He is, at the moment, no better off than I.

II

After some three years of peace and security, there arrived at my little place one day a couple of visitors. I saw them before they saw me. There was something ominous about their behavior. They were walking about in a purposeful way, pointing to the brook, the pond, and the buildings and talking earnestly together.

I asked them if I might help them.

One of them introduced himself as a State health officer.

This was not alarming, because I knew all the sewage arrangements were beyond reproach.

But then the second visitor introduced himself as a representative of the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co.

Now Bridgeport is a large industrial city about 30 miles away. Its connection with me was not, at the moment, evident. Even when my uninvited guest explained that his company was the enterprise which supplied Bridgeport with water, I was puzzled as to just where I came in. But, when he further explained that if I swam in my pool I should pollute Bridgeport's drinking supply, I was astonished.

"You see," he said, "we are about to construct a new reservoir some five miles down Georgetown way from here."

"Five miles!" I exclaimed, remembering how my brook dried up in the summer — which is the only time I ever pollute anything by swimming in it.

"Yes," he said, "but there will be thirty-three square miles of watershed all around it."

I mentioned something about water purifying itself in time even from the pollution of swimming, but the health officer said that was an exploded theory. I asked him about his company's rights in the matter, and he spoke of "eminent domain," a phrase, I have since found, which public utilities bandy about with vague gestures and no definitions.

Presently my visitors then left.

III

We are not very neighborly in Connecticut. That is one of the things we like about it. We live far apart and mind our own business. There is little active community life; we don't get together much to play games, have parties, or discuss our problems. For this reason, there is a minimum of gossip. For this reason, too, we have become the easily maneuvered pawns of a kind of dictatorship which has received little recognition even from Miss Dorothy Thompson. The totalitarian state, which makes possible a strong political dictator, does not work with the industrial variety. We have no fascism in Connecticut. On the contrary, it is our intense individualism combined with our remoteness from political foci that has made the despotism easy. The real political power is, as I shall explain later, in the rural districts, but the divorce between industry and government is so complete in the rural mind that we have come to believe that our sovereignty is impotent against industry.

I knew little about this reservoir business and the long story of the misery it has caused in our county. I soon found out. I called on some of my neighbors. The more emotional among them were seething with anger. Others were quietly accepting the inevitable.

I drove then down Redding Glen, where the Saugatuck River flows for about five miles through a wooded ravine. I had been there before, but I had been so engrossed in its beauty that I had missed something. The land was dead. Farms cut out of the woods had been abandoned. Old farmhouses, ancestral homes before the nation was born, were falling into decay.

The people who were left shrugged their shoulders. "In a couple of years," they said, "it will all be under water."

This was very sad. But I am not in the habit of allowing my civic sense to be dissolved in sentimental tears. After all, more beautiful valleys than this had been despoiled to supply

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water and water power. The people of Bridgeport, to be sure, must drink. It was true that other cities as large and as industrial as Bridgeport, such as London, Paris, Philadelphia, Chicago, Milwaukee, New Orleans — to mention a handful out of thousands — had resorted to scientific methods of purifying lake and river water; but still, if Bridgeport wanted her drinking water virgin, no doubt she had a right to it. After all, her great neighbor, New York City, had given her a precedent. Undoubtedly, I reflected, this company had proved the necessity for a new reservoir according to the stern dictates of the law of eminent domain and, for the land it had acquired, followed the constitutional "process of law" and paid a just price.

But my more enlightened friends told me I had much to learn; so, still reluctant to believe them, I began to investigate. What I found about the operation of law and individual liberty in my adopted State was startling to say the least.

IV

To see where things stood, I read two large tomes on the law of eminent domain. I found that all practice bent over backward to favor the individual landowner.

John Lewis in his exhaustive volume says:

> The exercise of the power being against common right, it cannot be implied in vague or doubtful language but must be given in express terms.

Again, he quotes from a decision in Pennsylvania:

> In favor of such right, there can be no implication unless it arises from a necessity so absolute that, without it, the grant itself will be defeated. It must, also, be a necessity which arises from the very nature of things, over which the corporation has no control; it must not be a necessity created by the company itself for its own convenience or for the sake of economy.

I looked then, to see what necessity had arisen from the very nature of things to force the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co. to flood the valley in whose watershed my acres lay.

It appeared that six reservoirs had already been built, with a sacrifice of old homes, to supply Bridgeport with water. Six other reservoirs which had been built for this purpose had been completely abandoned.

It seemed at first that this must be a pretty expensive business for the company — this casual abandonment of large and costly reservoirs — until someone explained that when a reservoir is abandoned it becomes a lake and that land values on its shores greatly increase. I then found that this company was selling its lake property on the open market for large sums of money. To make sure of this, I studied the listings and compared the value of the property with the earlier prices.

This is not, as some people have said, a "racket." It is simply the fault of insufficient experiment. After the reservoirs were built, pressure was found to be too low for use without pumping, and pumping adds to expense.

I did some more thinking about necessities which must not be "created by the company itself for its own convenience or for the sake of economy." Here, on the face of it, was a travesty on the right of eminent domain as jurisprudence interprets it.

This was only the beginning of my investigation. The next step was to find, historically, how this company came by its rights in the first place and how the travesty had developed.

The original charter went back to 1857. Now 1857 was a panic year, but it followed some seven years of unparalleled prosperity. Prosperity numbs political consciousness. The charter of the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co. sailed through the General Assembly of Connecticut apparently without a protest against its blanket and arbitrary character. Seventy years later, in 1927, in another magnificently prosperous era, it was liberally amended.

As it stands today, it authorizes this company, organized for profit and empowered to issue stock, to

> take and use such lands, springs, streams or ponds, or such rights and interests therein, as it may deem expedient or necessary for any of its corporate purposes.

Not when the city government or the people deem it expedient or necessary for the public welfare but when this private company deems it so for its corporate purposes. The charter limits this "taking" to Fairfield County and mentions "compensation." Not "just" or "full" compensation, merely compensation. The charter neglects to mention the necessity for proof. Deeming is enough. A handful of directors deem, and lo! hundreds of homes may be scrapped.

When property is condemned, the cheerful

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process is as follows: A commission of three is appointed by the Superior Court to decide on the price to be paid the owner. Their decision, laconically remarks the charter, "is final" — no appeal, no jury.

There has been a good deal of argument about the meaning of *due process of law* in the fourteenth amendment to the federal Constitution. It can hardly be construed to mean this.

I then attended condemnation proceedings, to see how such a commission might be chosen. The practice is this: Two lists of names are handed to the judge of the Superior Court. One list is given him by the owner. One is furnished by the company. From these lists the judge picks two commissioners, one from each. A third commissioner is chosen by common consent of owner and company.

I turned back to the law of eminent domain and this time consulted the other great authority, Philip Nichols. I found this:

> An owner of land taken for the public use cannot be compelled to have his damages determined by commissioners any one of whom is biased against him, or . . . is interested in the carrying through of the improvement.

Nichols cites 24 cases in proof of this statement, yet in Fairfield County, Connecticut, an owner is habitually forced to concede the decision of one commissioner whose name is actually submitted by the company and another who may not serve without the company's consent. Is not the probability overwhelmingly in favor of at least one of these commissioners being either biased or interested?

Naturally a so-called public utility operating under such a charter has tried to avoid the publicity of condemnation proceedings and has done its best to acquire property in other ways. Here are some of them.

Propaganda is circulated over a countryside to the effect that the company has its eye on a certain valley for a reservoir. There is no specific statement of when or exactly where any development may be made. This propaganda is allowed to simmer for many years.

Finally an agent is sent to interview property owners. He makes an offer for the land. When it is refused, he says, "Well, the land will be condemned anyway; you will get a much lower price then."

The absence of logic in this has not been apparent to many Connecticut Yankees, in spite of their reputed native shrewdness. A lot of them saw the cards stacked against them and sold. Under these conditions land went for as low as $75 an acre when nearby property, just beyond a reservoir area, was for sale on the open market for $1,000.

The acquisition of land for the Saugatuck Reservoir has been going on quietly for twenty years. In another twenty years, if the reservoir is not used and is finally abandoned, this land may be sold as lake frontage for more than $2,000 an acre, a price which is actually being asked for some abandoned property. Meanwhile there are years of dark depression in all the reservoir areas.

The chances actually are that this new reservoir will never be used for water supply. There are, indeed, figures to show that, unless a miracle takes place in Bridgeport, it cannot be used.

V

After more than twenty years of secret planning, our company finally announced the specifications of its new reservoir about a year ago. It was then that the people made the first show of resistance. It takes a long time to rouse us unneighborly folk and a longer time to get us together. We are together now.

We began by challenging the company to show the necessity for its reservoir. Receiving no reply, we proceeded to prove its non-necessity. We have showed that in 1918, when Bridgeport's water consumption was at its all-time peak, there was a supply of 8,000,000,000 gallons and a daily consumption of 34,000,000 gallons. Between 1918 and 1933, new reservoirs increased the supply to 12,000,000,000 gallons, and the consumption dropped to 27,000,000 daily. In spite of this, the company proposes, with the Saugatuck Reservoir, to double again the present supply, to provide for "future needs." It is in this "vague and doubtful language" that our public utility attempts to prove a necessity which arises from the very nature of things and so flouts the right of eminent domain in the face of a theoretically free people.

We undertook, then, to clarify the company's language.

We hired an engineer to examine the "future needs." Having been employed for fourteen

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years in the development of New York's water supply, he was something of an expert in these matters. He gave testimony under oath that "there is presently available more than twice as much water for domestic use as required in 1960." At this point we reached the real crux of the situation. He was asked how long it would be before any additional water would be required for *industrial* use, and he answered, "Twenty-five years." When asked if potable water was necessary for commercial use, he replied, "Generally not."

Now the company, in its propaganda, has avoided emphasis on industrial water. It has dwelt on the purity of its motives in bringing "virgin water into the homes." It has made no mention of the fact that about one half the present consumption of virgin water is by industries which do not require virginity in their supply. Nor does it mention that some of the largest of these industries have already sunk their own wells in order to avoid buying this virgin water from the Hydraulic Co.

But this is why I have spoken of an industrial dictatorship. The prime motive of our public utility seems to be to supply industry with water and to sell domestic water as a by-product. For the future use of its virgin supply, it hopes to bring new industries to Bridgeport. It wants those industries to use reservoir water rather than river or well water — abundantly available, not greatly polluted, and easily purifiable — because, thanks to its charter, it is in the reservoir business. It wants to gain control of all reservoir water in the county, to guard against the unlikely possibility of a remote future, that industry will be obliged to resort to river or well water for the making of asbestos or the testing of engines and pumps. For this purpose it is willing to operate under a charter which makes a laughingstock of the ancient right of eminent domain, ignores the sacred protection of the people by the constitutions of their nation and of their State, and causes untold individual hardship and sacrifice to freeholders through an entire county.

VI

THERE IS, however, a happier aspect to this affair. At least it has served to rouse a dormant people to a sense of their sovereignty. The people of Fairfield County, goaded by this interference with their lives and properties, about the violently protesting nucleus of our Saugatuck Valley Association are efficiently organizing.

And they have a weapon. According to the curious constitution of Connecticut, framed in 1818, representation in the lower house of the legislature is not according to population. A town is a town, whatever its size, and no town sends more than two legislators to the House of Representatives at Hartford. Thus we have the fantastic phenomenon, already made classic by the books on government, of a representative from Union representing some 80 people while a representative from New Haven, with an equal vote in the House, represents approximately 80,000. This system follows the agricultural, not the industrial, tradition. There is, therefore, the possibility that the rural population, though smaller than the urban, may cause the revision of a public-utility charter.

Our fight has not yet reached so far. We are working, at the moment, through the ancient instrument of the town meeting. A town still has a right to eminent domain of its own, and by it can protect its roads, etc., against flooding. So, in the end, we may thus protect our land from the dictatorship.

Meanwhile, what is my advice to New Yorkers and others whose eyes are already on a quiet Connecticut farm?

It is a curious fact that the State is spending, annually, thousands of dollars on publicity designed to induce outsiders to settle here. It is an astonishing paradox that the Vice President of the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co. is a member of a commission engaged in that work. The commission heads most of its promotion COME TO CONNECTICUT! But a recent form letter from this man's company, directed to the natives, states that the opposition to his reservoir is entirely inspired by "a few New Yorkers who are worried about their swimming pools." What are we to think of a group which continues to write arguments to induce New Yorkers to accept the hospitality of the State while one of its members is an officer of a company which stirs up the contempt and enmity of the natives against the newcomers?

My answer, nevertheless, is, "Come." By the time you arrive, perhaps we shall have made our lovely commonwealth safe for you.

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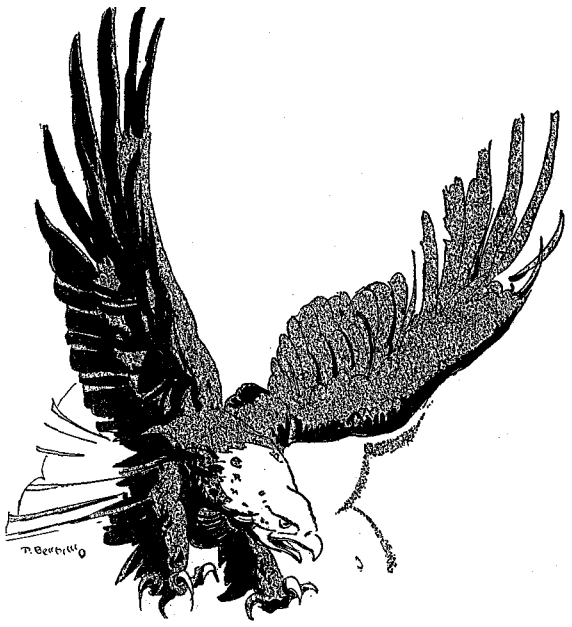
Which Churches Are American?

by **DAVID CARL COLONY**



If either fascism or communism comes to the United States, the blame will belong almost entirely to organized Christianity. Not Hitler nor Mussolini nor Stalin will stand accused before the bar of historical justice. The prisoners at the bar and their pleas, if they are courageously honest, will be:

Dr. Harry Ward — *guilty.*

Bishop Francis McConnell — *guilty.*

Harry Fosdick and every articulate Protestant leader — *guilty.*

The Pope and his cardinals — *guilty.*

The Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States — *guilty.*

These are harsh accusations. Here, then, are the facts.

Roman Catholics strongly suspect Protestant leanings toward communism.

These suspicions are not groundless. Many Protestant clergymen eagerly support the erstwhile American League Against War and Fascism. That this group is at least partly communistic in texture few can deny. Protestant sympathies are very largely with Loyalist Spain, a more or less Marxian government. Protestant leadership has often rallied to the C.I.O. banners. And, even according to William Leader, head of the Philadelphia C.I.O., Lewis' cohorts include many communists. Greater hate hath no man than a Catholic leader hath for communism.

Actually, of course, it is probable that Protestant leadership has no more use for the Marxist brand of totalitarianism than has the See of Rome. But the non-Catholic leadership strongly suspects Catholic leanings toward Fascism. And it is determined that American fascism shall not come to pass, even at the price of embracing Karl Marx.

Nor are Protestant suspicions without strong supporting evidence. Italy is fascist. She is also Catholic. Franco's Spain is fascist and Catholic. The late lamented Austria is fascist and Catholic. So is Brazil. So, in a manner of speaking, is Quebec. Significantly, only in Germany, dominantly Protestant, has religion been giving fascism a more or less corporate headache.

Again, it may be that the Vatican has no more love for Fascism than have the nonconformist brethren. So great, however, is Catholic fear of Marxist godlessness that Rome is willing to invite the help of fascism in the defense of a mysteriously helpless God.

If either (or both) of these suspicions should be justified, most Americans would not hesitate to voice their condemnation. If Protestantism is guilty as charged, every form of this much divided religion is a vicious disease, fit only for the scrap pile of oblivion. If Catholicism is guilty, it too belongs among the things much better fitted for utter destruction than for the salvation of souls.

Christ's respect for the value of the individual was very great. In any form of totalitarianism, the individual counts for nothing — a sharp denial of Christian personality.

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It is proper, therefore, even urgent, that all forms of Christianity embrace every opportunity, in the United States at least, for a ringing declaration in the permanent defense of human freedom. The deliberate setting aside of such opportunity by one group or the other or by both is a pitiful confession. It confesses that organized religion is interested in its own survival at any price, even though that price is the surrender of every sacred function of religion. Such a survival means that altars exist for giving bread to priests and to ministers. For the people, there are stones.

II

We Americans celebrate many things and mark notable occasions by holidays. There is one significant anniversary, however, which is almost completely overlooked. This is an American's twenty-first birthday. On that day, the future of American religious and political freedom is placed in the hands of youth, suddenly and legally grown up. In the individual's life, observance of this occasion may be an event never forgotten — its memories a lifetime source of high ideals strongly implanted, of courage baptized with the fire of God. Or it may be just another day.

Which of these it shall become has long been a choice challenging religious imagination. The making of that choice has been consistently neglected. St. Luke's Church in Philadelphia's industrial Kensington suddenly faced this problem.

It is the Fourth of July, 1937. St. Luke's Willard Noble is 21 years old. He is tall, handsome, red-headed. He loves life. He attends church faithfully. But, like most other young men, he likes things adventurous. He may easily become a devout Christian. But for him and for countless others religion has long been lacking in challenge, in pageantry, in danger. With these elements recaptured, religion may well have a new appeal for him. And, incidentally, it may become the sworn guardian of human liberties, ready for the defense of freedom with the strong, clean bodies of young men and women.

Thus, on the Fourth of July, 1937, at the end of the Holy Communion, this congregation of several hundred is standing. From the rear of the church comes the sound of marching. Boy Scout Troop 292, of Philadelphia, is advancing toward the flower-decked altar. Behind its colors they come — clean boys, strong boys. As they near the altar rail, acolytes walk toward them, carrying still more flags, moving solemnly, as befits a great patriotic and religious occasion. On either side of Willard Noble, the colors are massed. Behind him is lifted high the gleaming processional cross, slightly tilted toward the flags. There is almost the suggestion of a canopy, woven of immortal materials gathered both at Calvary and at Valley Forge.

Under this canopy, in the very sanctuary of the church, facing the congregation, stands the young man. And, when the last notes of "America" are finally stilled, he repeats these words after his priest:

> I believe in democracy.
> I believe in political and religious freedom.
> I believe in the essential brotherhood of all humanity.
> I believe that Communism is an enemy of God.
> I believe that Fascism and Naziism are enemies of Christ.
> This, my country, is founded on Christian ideals.
> I, therefore, believe that every Communist in the United States is a traitor both to God and to the nation.
> I believe that every Fascist and Nazi in the United States is a traitor both to Christ and America.
> On this, my twenty-first birthday, I make this solemn pledge as an American and as a Christian —
> To do my duty to God and my country;
> To fight Communism, Fascism, and Naziism in the United States, with all my might, as long as I live.
> To enlist others in the fight against these enemies of God and of freedom.
> Amen.

He remains rigidly at attention during the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," during the meaningful repetition of the Apostles' Creed.

Once again the sound of marching feet, retreating toward the rear of the church. And, finally, comes the recessional.

"This," said Willard Noble later, "is a day I shall never forget."

Nor has he been allowed to forget. For, on other days, other young men and women came after him. They repeated the same pledge, a frequent reminder to Willard Noble of his own solemn promise.

III

There may be some religious groups whose consciences prohibit such public declarations of faith in democracy. Such groups are

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viciously dangerous to the American commonwealth. Their place is in the bottomless pit — or in Germany, Italy, or Russia. And, the earlier they are destroyed, the better.

From the Roman Catholic camp there will be no whisper of protest to the statement that "Communism is an enemy of God." Protestant approval, however, in the light of existing evidence, is not so certain. There is a feeling among some Protestants that the Marxist program isn't so bad. It lacks only the presence of God. Its social aims are sometimes most praiseworthy. And there is a wishful expectation that someday the communists will let God out of the doghouse and all will be well with the world.

This is a delusion. For, when God enters the picture, communism loses its identity.

Any Protestant group, therefore, which denies that "Communism is an enemy of God" denies the reality of that God. Such hypocritical religion merits only extinction — swift, systematic, complete.

But some Roman Catholics may object to the statement that "Fascism and Naziism are enemies of Christ." To be sure, there is abundant evidence that the statement is true. In Germany, for example, the Catholic Church has been suffering long, although it has not always been long-suffering. Yet, in Italy, Church and state seem to be living in comparative harmony. Thus the classification of all fascists as enemies of Christ might well cause the Roman Catholic Church an international headache. But acquiescence in the betrayal of human freedom anywhere is treason against Jesus.

Whatever the international difficulties, this is America, Christian in ideals, democratic in conception and principles. In America, at least, there is no room for any form of fascism. The Catholic Church in the United States is duty bound to declare strongly against totalitarianism. True, there have been scattered Catholic voices raised in defense of freedom. That's not enough. There is urgent need for a solemn antifascist pledge by Catholic youth, before Catholic altars, with the sincere blessing of the Catholic priesthood.

The refusal of such a pledge may mean only one thing — the time may come when Catholicism may surrender American freedom to fascism in self-preservation. If that is so, the religion deserves no such preservation. The quicker it is removed from America, the better.

Every communist is a traitor to God. Every decent Marxist admits his godlessness. He admits, too, that, in his program, the very concept of God is destined for "liquidation." The United States rests on Christian foundations. He causes the house to fall who removes the supporting foundation. The communist, a traitor to God, is a traitor also to the nation.

The case against the fascist is perhaps not quite as clear-cut. But it is clear enough. True, if God behaves Himself and permits dictatorship to have its way with mankind, He is sometimes permitted to reign in impotent dignity. But He must keep His divine eyes closed. He may not look on the ruthless destruction of personality. So, in Italy His eyes are closed. But, when God refuses to be completely blind, the forces of fascism are marshaled against Him, as in Germany. There Thor and Woden stick their wooden heads out of the past. This is treason.

Respect for the individual permeates the whole mass of Christian teaching. The destruction of the freedom of personality is the ultimate destruction of Christianity — treason against Jesus. As already pointed out, a house cannot stand without its foundation. Hence, "every Fascist and Nazi in the United States is a traitor both to Christ and America."

Before Protestantism dare presume American approval, her creed requires these additional clauses:

Communism is an enemy of Christ. Communism is un-American. All American Christians have the solemn duty of combating communism. As long as life remains, Protestant youth is ready to defend America against both *fascism and communism — if necessary, with hot, young blood.*

Before Catholicism dare boast a leading place in the American scene, her creed requires these additional statements:

Fascism and Naziism are enemies of Christ. Fascism and Naziism are un-American. All American Catholics have the solemn duty of combating Fascism and Naziism. As long as life remains, Catholic youth is ready to defend America against both *communism and every form of Fascism — if need be, with hot, young blood.*

Protestant leaders,

Catholic leaders: Answer.

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Does Propaganda Menace Democracy?

A Debate

I — Melting Pot of Ideas

***by* EDWARD L. BERNAYS**

MOST ENTERPRISES today are dependent on public opinion. Public opinion is the basic factor in every project which involves the public or any part of it.

The World War dramatized to the whole world the fact that public opinion could be molded. Today we realize that, in order that any project continue to be successful, it is necessary first to gain and then to hold public support. Good will is often the most important asset on a balance sheet.

This is true for many reasons. Literacy today is widespread. Technological progress has been tremendously accelerated in the last 30 years. The mechanical transmission of ideas — through printing press, radio, motion pictures, and other modern methods — has been speeded up. Ideas and objects in competition with each other have greatly multiplied.

To survive in this struggle for public approval, to win the public's support, requires expert judgment. This has led to the birth and development of a new profession — counsel on public relations. To interpret client to public and public to client became this new profession's function. Groups and individuals dependent on public interest and support avail themselves of this new professional's advice.

From a broad viewpoint, the public-relations counsel functions to further common understanding between known and unknown, between social-service institutions and supporters, between business organizations and public — consumer, labor, stockholder — or between any group and the public on whose good will it is dependent.

The activity of the public-relations counsel must be judged in terms of the ends he serves. He may be a force for social or for unsocial ends. This is characteristic of other professions as well. The same condition exists, for instance, in medicine and law, which may be socially used or socially abused.

In his activities, the counsel on public relations may among other things advise his client to carry on adult education or propaganda for a particular point of view or project. The competition for public attention in the market place today is so intense that this adult education or propaganda is essential. Everybody in America is free to use propaganda. It may be and sometimes is employed for unsocial ends. That is part of our democratic heritage. It is important, however, that it be employed for socially sound purposes. Socially minded leaders must know the meaning, direction, and manner of functioning of public opinion if they are to wield influence. The attitudes and actions of men and women and how they are determined cannot be ignored by those interested in maintaining democracy. In a world where thousands of daily newspapers, millions of radios, motion pictures, and other channels present thousands upon thousands of conflicting symbols for the public's interest and attention, it is essential that sound causes be assured of every opportunity to survive.

II

PROPAGANDA is an attempt to modify people's ideas or behavior without coercion; it is an attempt to influence public attitudes

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or public action. Propaganda, if it is free, can be made the voice of the people in the democracy of today. Freedom of opinion — of propaganda — is a basic civil liberty. The right of freedom of expression is guaranteed by the Constitution. Freedom of opinion — of propaganda — is on a par with the other great civil liberties — freedom of speech, religion, press, assembly, and petition. Freedom of propaganda in a democracy gives all the people a free forum for the conflict of ideas and the competition of the market place — and a free forum and competition are integral parts of our present-day system. Our democratic process rests on the right of the individual to project his point of view, even though it be different from that of his fellows.

The presentation of facts and points of view offers everyone a choice as to the course of action he may pursue. Here in America, freedom of opinion — of propaganda — exists. Under authoritarian regimes this is not true. Here many points of view are freely expressed. In authoritarian countries there is only one point of view permitted. And force and coercion implement this. Through the interplay, in a democracy, of discussion, argument, and persuasion, we are safeguarded. All groups and opinions thus have an opportunity to be heard.

The public acceptance of new ideas, in medicine, in social service, in business, in political processes, has been brought about by public education, by propaganda.

Propaganda is also an important tool in social change. Minority ideas become effective more quickly as a result of it. The products of science and invention, of laboratory and workshop, penetrate the inertia of the public more quickly through propaganda. Public acceptance of electricity, of the automobile, of the radio, of the X ray, of toxins and antitoxins, for socially sound purposes, has been speeded up by effective propaganda. Propaganda applies the principles of mass psychology to persuasion. It tries to further acceptance of old ideas, of new ideas, and of new or old objects.

American universities in the last twenty years have given greater attention to the social sciences, to sociology and psychology, to the study of our whole social and economic structure. The depression hastened this movement. As part of it, public opinion as a subject for study was taken up by the great modern universities. Many universities recognize that these courses in public opinion are in reality courses in the techniques of leadership. "Training for public relations work is essentially training for leadership," said a leading university professor. Understanding and study of public opinion are vital factors in the world of today and tomorrow. In a recent study made by the writer and Doris E. Fleischman, there were listed universities and colleges throughout the country which give courses on public opinion and public relations.

In a splendid paper in the *Nation* on "Risks — the Key to Recovery," Sumner H. Slichter, professor of business economics in the Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration, says: "Once business wins the good will of the community, the relation of business to government takes care of itself." Certainly this winning of the public's good will by business is a major problem of public relations.

Then Dr. Slichter continues:

> Upon the ability of democracies to encourage investment will depend also their ability to keep opportunity abundant, and, therefore, social conflict mild, and to avoid the repression and regimentation that are the inevitable results of severe social conflict.

We must first understand propaganda and then utilize it effectively in order to make the people of the country know the democracy under which they live. We must effectively meet the competition of hostile ideas which try to win over the public. We must try to find and project symbols of democracy. Symbols are short cuts to understanding — words, pictures, ideas, actions used as simplifications, which form the currency of opinion, of propaganda. We must find and utilize the symbols that reflect our present system in order to evoke favorable response from our public. We must find effective symbols for democracy.

An eminent sociologist has said that leadership rests on an ability to understand, to interpret, and to utilize symbols. Inability to do so indicates a dearth of leadership. Americans must recognize that in propaganda they have a ready tool at hand with which to confirm, to validate all those elements on which our past and present and future rest.

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II — Freedom to Distort the Truth

by **FERDINAND LUNDBERG**

ONE MUST agree that "freedom of opinion — of propaganda — is on a par with the other great civil liberties — freedom of speech, religion, press, assembly, and petition." But one must also discriminate rigorously, as this truth can be used to hide much double dealing. For, while in the United States today everyone is free to propagandize, the freedom is, alas, largely theoretical. It is, indeed, much like freedom of the press, which guarantees to everyone, rich or poor, the right to spend $10,000,000 for a daily newspaper in which to speak out on any subject.

Freedom to propagandize is, of course, a part of the freedom of speech. It does not, however, justify antisocial or unsocial activities — any more than freedom of speech justifies lies, vicious rumor, slander, or malicious gossip, any more than freedom of the press justifies false or misleading advertising or the advertising of harmful medicines and food products.

The word *free* has nuances of meaning, and one special evil about most of contemporary propaganda is that it is not "free" because it costs money, which, usually, is in the hands of antisocial groups dedicated to narrow self-interest rather than to the common weal. The criticism and discussion of propaganda today, the astute observer is obliged to note, has not come about because propaganda has been used to help society; it has arisen, on the contrary, because propaganda and professional propagandists have been inimical to society. By their secret, furtive work the propagandists have striven to defeat rather than to promote the ends of democracy, even as they have applauded democracy in order to continue their activities.

It is not, in other words, because propaganda has been utilized for such purposes as eliminating city slums, raising workers' pay levels, enacting workmen's compensation laws, reducing armaments, rehabilitating Southern share croppers, or advancing progressive social measures in general that it has come under fire. Propaganda has laid itself open to severe indictment because, decked out in the regalia of democracy like a bawd in the garb of a virtuous woman, it has steadily opposed the enumerated reforms and has, as well, by unfair and underhanded methods, unmercifully combatted the sound idea of public ownership of utilities, the reduction of high utility rates and prices in general, the enactment of minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, the continuance of work relief for the unemployed, the increase of free public hospitals, schools, and parks, the initiation of a broad national housing program, and similar measures of general welfare.

He who pays the piper calls the tune. Excessively rich interests, corporations and individuals, infuriated at being compelled to contribute to social reconstruction by the payment of just taxes, have spent millions of dollars since the last war in socially destructive propaganda. In doing so they have brought the entire technique of the professional propagandist under justifiable scrutiny. The debate about propaganda today is, then, basically a branch of the debate about the distribution of the national income. The attack on propagandists is, by the same token, not an attack on a democratic right but a defense of a democracy that is jeopardized by plausible, soft-stepping, invisible propagandists who poison the wells of public opinion.

To be sure, there can be no democratic objection to any propagandist who undertakes to tell the truth about a corporation, an institution, or a person, provided that it is the whole truth or that the truth told is not misleading and provided also that he frankly admits he is propagandizing and tells who is paying for the propaganda. There are, unquestionably, businesses that have done and are doing socially useful jobs, and the public should be informed about them. There are, too, some questions about which people have conceived lopsided or inadequate ideas, and it is a public service to present the other side — if it is not a whitewashing. But few contempo-

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rary propagandists reveal such standards or principles and perhaps never will — no matter how many "professional" organizations and codes of ethics come into being — so long as there are powerful antipublic interests or interests that do not know enough to adapt themselves to the common welfare.

II

BEFORE WE PROCEED further, it should be set down that virtually everyone engaged in formal written or spoken expression is the propagandist for some general or personal cause or value. Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Thomas Aquinas, St. Augustine, Pasteur, Mohammed, Confucius, Christ — all these were, fundamentally, propagandists. Indeed, all teachers, philosophers, theologians, and scientists are really propagandists, engaged in advancing precepts that connote certain actions and attitudes. Even the artist, who from his ivory tower decries all propaganda, is himself propagandizing against the artist's playing an active, presumably degrading, role in unclean practical affairs.

Yet all the great propagandists of history have been frank about what they wanted people to be and to do. None of them was retained by invisible third parties in order to influence and to mold public thinking by indirection, stealth, and half-truth. Each of them was forthright, devoted to what he had come to regard after much private reflection as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Some current examples of such truth-serving propagandists drawn from various fields are, in my opinion, Albert Einstein, John Dewey, Charles A. Beard, and Thomas Mann.

The professional propagandists who have followed in the wake of the new communication techniques like vultures after carrion are not of this breed. They are ready, it seems to me, to spread by stealth any opinion, good or bad, for which they are paid. In the nature of things they can only serve concentrated, privileged economic and social power, which is power that is exercised more or less arbitrarily over the mass of the people both in parliamentary and in dictatorial political contexts. One has yet to hear of a professional propagandist starving in a garret because of his devotion to truth.

It is the propagandas of the power-serving groups, to which are attached the professional propagandists with no noticeable exceptions, that are today causing most alarm as being subversive of sound public intelligence. The very existence of these professional propagandists implies to their powerful clients that the clients need not bother about supporting or encouraging fundamental reforms. All that is required, it is implied, is a little "interpreting" of client to public and a little "molding" of the public in the interests of the client. Such a state of mind in high places, fostered by public-relations counselors, can only hinder orderly, normal progress, can only store up social cyclones for the future. In all the dictator-ridden European countries one can see that propaganda has become a substitute for bread as well as for intelligence.

Purely commercial propaganda, although spread by power-minded groups, is perhaps the least dangerous of all. There is so much of it, in the first place, that it tends to cancel itself. Furthermore, it is of little social significance whether people are induced to eat Florida oranges rather than California oranges or to drink tea instead of coffee.

It is when commercial propaganda develops, as it often must under the impetus of its inner logic, into antisocial propaganda — designed to promote aggressively a narrow commercialism under the guise of a great truth — that it becomes harmful to the public weal. An example of this type of fully developed commercial propaganda is found in the long, expensive, and futile campaign of the public-utilities companies to undermine by vicious untruth the constructive idea of public ownership. Although the campaign failed miserably of attaining its goal — as some may complacently insist — it debauched in its career professors, editors, ministers, writers, and lecturers.

One is justified, then, in saying that even though these propaganda campaigns do not achieve their ends — much to the discomfiture of the propaganda generals, who, on slight grounds, like to pose before their fuddled clients as Machiavellis — they have nevertheless wrought much positive harm. The only real difference between a public-relations counsel and a circus press agent is that the public-relations counsel has prevailed on somebody else to stick up the posters on the barns.

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People, however, are prone to regard those with whom they agree as publicists and those with whom they disagree as propagandists.

III

TRUTH IS not always alien to the professional propagandist, although some would agree with Herr Joseph Goebbels that a lie oft repeated is mysteriously transmuted into truth. But, if stark truth can be made to serve an unsavory end, the professional propagandist usually sees no reason to discard it merely because it is truth.

The grain of truth in the propaganda that took the United States into the World War was that democracy is a good thing and should be preserved. The financial and commercial clique that paid for the propaganda was not, however, really concerned with democracy in practice. And, as the antiwar forces predicted, autocracy spread rather than receded after the war, and our national moral standards were lowered.

Similarly, the maker of a useless dentifrice is making obeisance to a truth when he abjures people to brush their teeth and to visit a dentist, although he is really interested only in marketing his substandard product.

There is, let it be admitted, good propaganda, socially useful propaganda. But the fact that propaganda is being properly used in the effort to rid the nation of syphilis provides no justification for the propaganda that was directed against the child-labor amendment nor for that which is currently attempting to blind us to the evils of dictatorial corporation exploitation under the pretense of restoring "confidence" in the motives of certain suspect businessmen.

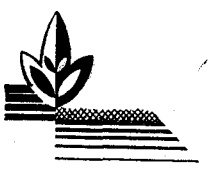
Good propaganda, as in the current campaign to educate people about syphilis, is frank. It avows and analyzes itself openly and without equivocation. Bad propaganda, circulated on behalf of a selfish interest for a private end that will be costly to the public, cannot do this without defeating itself. Bad propaganda — that is to say, most propaganda — is nothing more than an unpalatable dish served with appetizing sauces. If people could taste the dish without the sauce, they would, nine times out of ten, simply vomit.

The observations of Mr. Bernays seem to me to confirm this analysis. He refers to the public, for example, as to some kind of blind, unintelligent beast, to be led by the nose and "molded" by invisible teachers whose *bona fides* has not been endorsed by any institution of higher learning, whose clients are unknown, whose methods are not open to scrutiny, and whose ends are clothed in darkness. This public consists of the men, women, and children of the United States, who should, I believe, know something about the dishes being prepared by the unseen cooks.

Mr. Bernays says, too, that no "project" can be successful without public support, but *project* is a painfully vague word. Most projects in this world do not deserve public support. The Nazis, for example, have a project that calls for the extermination of the Jews. That being the case, should we applaud those who would endeavor to win public support for the project?

No: the fact is that professional propagandists, utilizing conspiratorial techniques, are useful only in ramming down people's throats something to which the people are really opposed. The German people have no real quarrel with the Jews, who have done much to enrich German culture. The Nazi propagandists do not really consider the Jews a menace. But the Jews are useful as a scapegoat. They serve to distract the German people from the real trouble, which is the power-minded ruling clique of German financiers, businessmen, and landowners.

But what difference does the misery of a people make to the professional propagandist? If his client is satisfied, that is all that matters.



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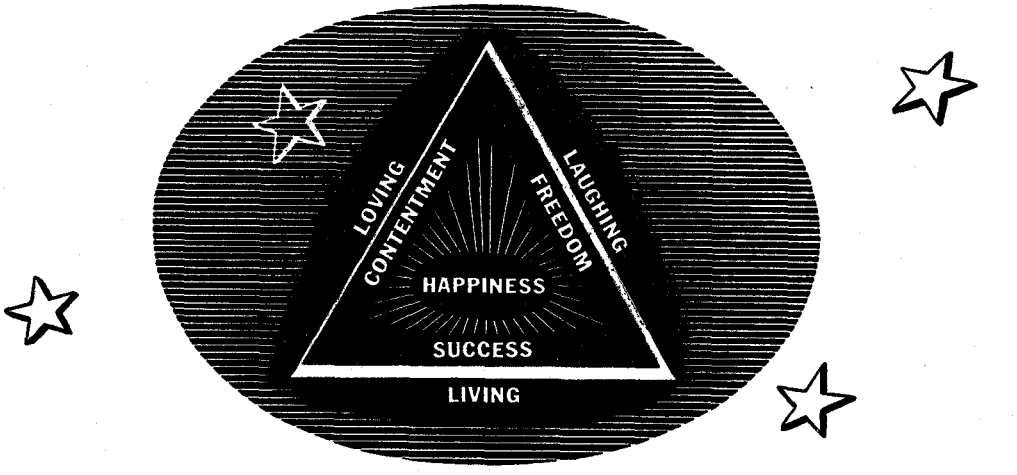
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

Must I go to church?

The volume and earnestness of the letters I have received on this topic prove how vital is the religious issue. Correspondents from coast to coast, from Maine to Texas, express an odd unanimity of opinion. They say religion is a necessity — but they admit its shortcomings. The following criticisms by sincere churchgoers are all constructive:

Mrs. B., of Texas:

> Emotional religious preaching gives me a feeling of bitterness and insincerity which does more harm than good. I attend church . . . but after all, should I spend that hour at home in silent reverence and meditation?

Mrs. C., Iowa:

> Christianity has tried to separate love from passion. But science and contraceptives have eased our fears and some of us have learned to love living. I can hardly blame my son for preferring his Saturday night dance, his Sunday morning sleep, and his Sunday afternoon jaunt.

A New England schoolteacher:

> As a child I was deeply religious but the hypocrisy of the church has killed that spirit. My first experience came early. Two little immigrant children moved to our neighborhood. In a feeling of intense devotion I brought them to Sunday school. They were not dressed quite properly but I thought all looked alike in the sight of the Lord. The class laughed and snickered and pointed at their clothes. The teacher looked painfully peeved. My little friends were frightened though I put my arms around them. After the class my teacher told me they were hardly acceptable material for our Sunday School. Fortune favored those two little girls in later years and they grew up to be the biggest snobs in town!

A newspaperman from New Jersey, warm advocate of church attendance:

> From the pulpits of thousands of churches the message of Christianity is issued by ministers who lack suitable personalities; who shrink from applying concretely the teachings of Christ to present day affairs; and who drone sermons that completely lack interest.

A former Catholic writes:

> When I was eight years old my father, whom I loved dearly, was dying. I ran for the Priest but he was too busy about some business affairs to come and administer the last rites. . . . The Church compels poor people to contribute regularly and builds great, beautiful cathedrals out of our sweat and life blood . . . and what does it give in return? Only a vague promise of some mythical reward in a world after death, that nobody really knows anything about!

A businessman from Seattle writes:

> I believe the Catholic and other churches do much practical good in helping the poor. But young men and women who are losing their religion say that church dogma is out of date, that religious prohibitions do not solve their problems.

A California woman adds:

> Instead of trying to twist scientific facts to suit religious purposes, the Church ought to adapt religious teachings to fit the facts.

There is another answer to the religious problem which a university professor puts clearly and frankly:

> Humanity *must* have religion. But not necessarily Christianity. History shows that men create their own gods. One religion serves its purpose and another succeeds it. There are many indications that a new religion is needed to succeed Christianity.

Is this view confined to academic circles? Apparently not. A housewife writes:

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> Preachers and many psychologists seem to use the term "religion" to mean the "Christian religion." To me religion is whatever beliefs or thoughts about life one has that affect one's actions. Evolution rolls on. Old time religion has lost its grip on our imaginations.

And another correspondent from North Dakota sums up the same idea thus:

> Religion is that form of spiritual interpretation which gives us most comfort. It follows, therefore, that that which gives me comfort might not give you comfort. Hence the need of a new religion to fit changing civilization.

II

THIS DISCUSSION by members of our clinic has helped me a great deal. Out of it I can formulate with some assurance the religious needs which are not being met for many of you in your churches.

First and foremost is the need for practical help, here and now, without waiting for reward or punishment in some future life.

Every one of you has problems of pressing importance — you need money; your love or family affairs are going wrong; you are lonely, sad; you feel yourself defeated by life in some important aspect. What are you going to do about it — escape into vague, comforting thoughts about an all-seeing God and what He will do for you in heaven? All right, if that appeals to you. As a psychologist, I must advise that such a course is merely postponing your difficulties without solving them.

Did you ever think of this: How *can* God reward you with perfect peace and happiness if your own nature is not capable of enjoying such a state of perfection? To me the silliest and most subversive religious concept is the notion that you can jump straight from misery to bliss, from ignorance to wisdom, from stupidity to intelligence, and from utter weakness to personality strength when "God calls you" to the world beyond. To me it is unthinkable. If you are a habitual liar, can you enjoy truth telling the moment you step through the pearly gates? If your idea of superiority is having people kowtow to your money, your position, your social prominence, are you going to get a thrill out of kneeling humbly among the lesser angels?

If you go to church and absorb the idea from "comforting" sermons that all you have to do is endure your present trials with "Christlike" resignation and thus attain paradise, you might better have remained at home. That isn't Christ's teaching, but it is what many of my correspondents go to church for. Christ permitted himself to be crucified to prove just the opposite — that living a perfect life right here in this world gives a human being such power that he can overcome death itself.

The escape doctrine, injected into Christian dogma by theologians, is one of the principal reasons why so many millions of disappointed churchgoers are finding their religion unsatisfactory and inadequate. Most of them do not realize the true source of their uneasiness. Others, like the lady from Iowa, have spotted one department of life (physical love) from which you cannot get happiness here while trying to escape from it to a passionless life hereafter.

Dr. Marston has received so many letters stating personal problems not related to discussion topics announced in advance that, beginning with the August clinic, he will discuss as many of these pressing problems of FORUM readers as space permits, giving individual advice on each problem. (Your name will not be published with your problem if you so request.)

Dr. Marston will be glad to receive letters asking psychological advice on love, home, or business affairs or any other problem of normal living where advice is genuinely needed. He will read all letters personally, treating them as confidential, and will answer any especially urgent problems by mail if unable to include them in the monthly clinic and provided return postage is enclosed.

The second fundamental fault that people are finding with orthodox religious practices is this: There is too little carry-over from Sunday services to weekday living.

A governor who was asked to save a young murderer from the electric chair summarized this religious deficiency with dry succinctness. The argument had been made by counsel that the condemned criminal was really a good boy; he went to church every Sunday. "But," said the governor, "this killing happened on a Wednesday."

There is no sermon so inspiring, no Sunday-school teacher so magnetic that the righteous

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influence exerted will carry itself through the week in an average human mind. Sunday, the day of rest and religious observance, was a grand idea. But it never was intended by its originator as a substitute for seven-day-a-week religious thought, feeling, and practice.

The third outstanding fault of modern religion is manifest in every single letter I have received. Not one individual, according to his own statements, goes to church to *give* — all go to *get* something.

What matters it, in the final analysis, whether you expect from religion eternal salvation or a social contact with some prospective customer? One benefit may save you from hell in the next life; the other may save you from bankruptcy in your present existence. My correspondents may believe, theoretically, that "God is love," but they do not seek to become Godlike through religious giving. If anybody asked me the one supreme justification of churchgoing, I should reply: "An opportunity to give."

I do not blame churchgoers for this lack of understanding. I blame their religious mentors who fail to expound the true meaning of love. Love is giving — your money, your talents, yourself. Here is a prime failing of modern religion. There shouldn't be any shekel collectors who dip into the pot. You can't expect religious disciples to take giving seriously if the people who ask them to give are cashing in on the proceeds.

III

We don't need a new Savior. We need new religious interpreters intelligent and loving enough to understand Divine teachings. The college professor meant by "new religion" a different form of worship, a new religious *organization*. There are several which have made notable progress in recent years.

There is Christian Science, with its millions of followers. This movement, from a psychological point of view, supplies deficiency number one: It offers practical, immediate assistance. It teaches that your own mind is superior to matter, capable of curing your material ills and creating for you an ample source of economic supply. Similar in purpose are New Thought, one branch of Theosophy, and Unity — a correspondence project centered in Kansas City.

Meeting the second need — a daily formula of worship — is the Oxford Group, an international organization whose members seek inner guidance from God each morning — "sharing" one another's sins by confessing to a sympathetic companion — and live day by day as their religious leadings direct. This is splendid. It has given practical benefit and continuous religious uplift to hundreds of thousands of people on three continents.

Still more recently, there is a self-reliant love religion which is sweeping America, the "I AM" movement. There is a remarkable family, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ballard and their son, of Los Angeles, California, who have devoted themselves to this new interpretation of ancient religious teachings. They maintain that each person, man or woman, draws from his higher self, the God-source, all that is necessary to live, love, laugh, and be happy, now and for eternity. They seek to escape nothing. They maintain that every physical and emotional problem can be solved to your present satisfaction and permanent benefit by "calling on the great I AM."

It makes sense to me. This teaching presents practical, workable, psychological solutions for all three of the present limitations of religion. If you are broke, if you are thwarted in love, if your present environment is oppressive, without fun and recreation, call on *yourself*, the great I AM power. Sunday is the same as Monday or Friday — practice your "decrees" for self-realization and accomplishment *every* day. And every time you ask anything for yourself you must ask it for other people too, or it won't work — the *immortal power of giving*. The I AM principles in no way differ from the practical advice of a consulting psychologist — except that they are backed by religious emotion, by a mass movement.

Must you go to church? Certainly. But pick your church to suit your own needs, physical, emotional, spiritual. If the religion you select doesn't help you positively, practically, immediately, lift your gaze to wider horizons. Don't abandon anything you have gained, any opportunity to live, give, or receive inspiration. But seek a self-fulfilling religious expression which makes you a better person every day. And cling to that with joyful persistence.

Next month: Is it ever right to lie?

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Don't Give to Beggars

by **JAMES FINAN**

ONE AFTERNOON last week in Union Square, New York, a stump-legged beggar snared in his tin cup exactly 38 coins — nickels, dimes, quarters, and pennies — in 10 minutes: better than $5 an hour! And, in midtown Manhattan or the Loop district of Chicago, the streets after nightfall are glutted with "touch artists" all whining, "Buddy, can you spare a dime for a cuppa coffee?" Panhandling has become a minor social menace and a source of increasing concern to the police and public of most large American cities.

No sympathetic human being wants to let an unfortunate fellow man go hungry. A vaguely charitable impulse (which psychiatrists would explain as identification of oneself with the beggar) leads most people to flip a dime into the panhandler's filthy hand. But this sentimentality does not solve the problem; it merely serves to increase the number of forlorn derelicts, without really answering their mumbled pleas for help.

How sincere is this plea? What response should the average citizen make to it? Does the panhandler who, like the Ancient Mariner, stoppeth one of every three, actually need your dime for food and lodging? Would he starve or sleep on a park bench if you withheld it? I put these questions to social workers and police officials in New York, St. Louis, and Boston.

Their reply, based on investigations totaling 30,000 cases, was: When you give, it hurts — hurts the recipient, society, organized charity, and, in a subtle manner, you yourself.

In every American community an established organization stands ready to feed, clothe, and house all the needy who apply to it. When you are approached by a panhandler, you can know that the man has ignored decent means of relief, that your money is not needed, and that you are being asked to support a chronic parasite.

Experts divide these parasites into two distinct classes: panhandlers and professional beggars.

The panhandler is a homeless vagrant; his stock in trade is his hard-luck story, and his wants are meager and miserable. He needs only enough for "flop, horsemeat, and jerrocky" (the latter a cruelly denatured alcohol). When you hear his wheedling plaint you may be sure that he wants no food and would resent anything except cash in hand. But give him a dime and then quietly watch him work for the next ten minutes. Again and again he approaches his victims; always the manner and story are the same. If the prospect looks tough, a plea for a cigarette may soften the ice, make an opening for the touch. After a dollar is garnered the panhandler knocks off for the day and retreats to his miserable haunts in Halstead Street if it is Chicago or the Bowery in New York. Every city has its region of vermin-ridden "scratch houses," the mean commercial hotels where vagrants roost for the night. It costs them a quarter to sleep, 10 cents for breakfast, 20 for dinner, and 45 for a pint of jerrocky.

The other type of gutter barnacle, less ravaged but more vicious than the first, is the professional beggar. He fakes or exaggerates some physical impairment: mutely, he *is* a hard-luck story. Often he makes a pretense of offering wares. But, should you wrest from his closely held bundle a pencil or stick of gum in exchange for your coin, you may be loudly reviled as a cheap skate. The professional beggar is on the streets for profit. He is a businessman engaged in a degrading trade. He works long hours for gain, maintains a residence in the city, and generally supports a wife and family in middle-class comfort. In the sweet name of charity he gums his eyes to be blind, adopts a limp to be halt, unscrews an artificial leg to display the obscene stump, invests in a crutch or even a wheel chair in order to emphasize his appeal.

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Business Is Good

Does begging pay? Emphatically it does. The professional beggar's "take," in authenticated cases, has reached $50 a day.

A 22-year-old beggar, arrested for scratching the arm of a restaurant hostess when she refused to let him solicit from table to table, was found to own a home in Riverside, Rhode Island, and a $6,800 bank balance. He claimed that the income from begging in the Eastern seaboard cities had dropped, during the recession, from $65 to $12 or even $10 per day.

A street beggar picked up in a New Jersey resort town had $5,250 sewn in his unkempt clothes.

A man arrested in New York had bankbooks recording deposits of $6,179.

Another had $32,917 salted away.

One made $56 in a day; another collected $745 in a week; another deposited in his bank $245 in a month — to which must be added the "earnings" he spent.

One legless man admitted that he supported himself, three other persons, and "three police dogs," averaging $25 to $30 every day he worked. He worked six days a week.

Fifty thousand dollars per day is the estimated haul by beggars in New York City alone. Most of this is picked up by individuals, operating on their own. But signs of syndicated management appear. A man in the Bronx, arrested recently, turned out to be a panhandling overlord. Each morning he delivered his beggars to "work" in his car. He called for them at night and collected their money; then he lodged and fed them and plied them with cheap liquor to keep up their morale. Under this treatment they slept contentedly until it was time to be deposited on the streets next day.

The pretended emergency of the street mendicant is a sham. His wretched plea to the passerby is not, as it affects to be, the desperate cry torn from a worthy fellow in the depths of a temporary crisis. Whether he is sick or able-bodied, relief from any number of sources is his for the asking. New York houses 12,000 homeless men per day; every panhandler knows, without your telling him, that organized charity stands ready to help him without any red tape.

As one of these whiners explained to me, "It's easier to promote a dollar, and besides there ain't no strings attached to it."

Essentially, the beggar is a personality problem, calling for curative rather than repressive measures. He is not begging because he needs help but he needs help because he is begging. A healthy man in distress is no more willing to beg than a healthy woman, faced with a similar crisis, is willing to enter prostitution. Both begging and prostitution are symptomatic complaints, indicating a grave psychic maladjustment to reality — chiefly *economic* reality. The beggar tries to escape the economic struggle by surrendering everything that the normal man clings to — self-respect, duty, every form of social responsibility. His very appearance, filth-stained and bedraggled, is the badge of his abandonment to inertia.

Mentally low-grade, sometimes defective, the panhandler is so crippled by alcohol and moral decay that he is too apathetic, even, to make a good thing of begging. Feebly he demands of life only a day-by-day subsistence, gained by abject mumbling to strangers in the street.

The professional beggar, on the other hand, illustrates Doctor Alfred Adler's theory of "organic deficiencies." A short leg, a withered arm produces feelings of inferiority to which the personality makes a "masculine protest," either by correcting the organic deficiency or else developing a skill along some other line to compensate for the handicap. Paradoxically, the professional beggar compensates his organic deficiency by emphasizing it. He makes his stunted leg, his twisted arm the strongest economic prop of his life and flatters his ego that he makes more money than his able-bodied fellows.

Count the Cost

Any plan for dealing with beggars which leaves out of account the personality problems, is marked for failure. Magistrates find it hopeless to send these men to jail for short terms, only to have them haled into court a few weeks later on the same charge. Many policemen will not arrest mendicants who are turned out of court as fast as they are rounded up. And social welfare agencies cannot force the hardened beggar, preferring to ply the gutter for a livelihood, to co-operate with them toward his own rehabilitation.

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New York and St. Louis have attempted to deal more intelligently with the problem. While funds lasted for the project, a bureau of trained social workers was set up in each court. Following the arrest of the beggar, his fingerprints were checked for previous convictions; his case history was examined; and he himself was encouraged to explain his plight and what he thought was his way out of it. In three months in 1935, 1,663 beggars in New York were so treated. The sick, insane, drug-addicted, and alcoholic were hospitalized. The individual case was routed through its appropriate channel to relief, work project, or private job. When a complete summary of the mendicant's case was presented to him, the magistrate was better able to deal with the individual offense.

In other countries, when the vagrant is arrested, he is examined and sent to a farm colony, where he works for pay at farming or a skill and lives a regular life until he develops the work habit, a health habit, and self-respect. He is then restored to the community, a useful citizen. The celebrated Swiss colony at Witzwil, in the Canton Berne, has accepted no money from the state since 1904! Witzwil has 430 inmates, who raise farm and dairy produce and make in their workshops noncompetitive products which they furnish to state institutions. Sixty employees run it. Annually, it pays into the Canton Treasury some $40,000.

In New York State it costs $1.08 per day to keep a vagrant in jail. To this must be added the costs of arrest, transportation, hospitalization, and court. Judge Jacob Gitelman, Chairman of the Association of Magistrates of New York State, reported that 50 per cent of all the time spent in county jails and penitentiaries is chargeable to the panhandler. In Albany County the figure rose appallingly to 79 per cent. Each derelict spends an average of 6 years' confinement in prison — and the average cost to the community for every panhandler is $3,000 before he arrives at Potters Field. The cost of giving the average boy or girl a complete grammar and high-school training is about $2,000.

"We spend more per capita on our vagrant drunkards," the Magistrate concluded, "than on the education of our children."

What is the answer to this annoying, costly and as yet unsolved problem? The unanimous opinion of those qualified to know, is, in a single word, *camps!*

In 1931, farsighted welfare experts with a small grant of federal money and a tract of land lent them for the purpose, settled 200 volunteers from the Municipal Lodging House on a parcel of forest preserve near Blauvelt, New York. These derelicts, for clearing timber, were given $6 per week — out of which they were assessed for their food, shelter, and clothing. At the official rate of 50 cents an hour, their 6-day week required only 2 hours' work a day, and, deliberately, nobody was urged to work more.

But, curiously, instead of loafing as they did at the Lodging House and the municipal shelters, everybody worked all day. In a few weeks one of them, for the first time in his life, bought a dental plate out of his savings. Men who gave aliases when they first arrived now reassumed their right names and addresses. In two months the traffic of dazzled relatives was so heavy that the director had to enforce visiting days. Many campers found homes again. Drunkenness was taken in hand by the men themselves. Hardened alcoholics — what was more significant — spaced their sprees from week to week out of camp, thus gradually fighting their way back to health. They hired a doctor to lecture them on temperance, diet, and exercise. They polished their boots on Saturday night and washed their shirts for Sunday.

When Blauvelt failed through lack of funds, Camp La Guardia, at Greycourt, was set up. It flourishes still but unfortunately it accommodates only a few.

At the moment however a bill is pending in the New York State Legislature to establish the first permanent rehabilitation camp of this kind in the U. S. — at a cost per derelict of less than 50 cents per day!

Faced by these facts, brother, can you afford to spare that dime? Can you honestly fob off your responsibility to organized charity by giving a small coin and thinking that you have thereby discharged your obligation to society? It has been demonstrated that many panhandlers and professional beggars are willing to take the hard road back to respectability, if given the chance. Have you the heart to keep a man down with the stray coins you give him "charitably" on the street?

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A Career Woman Regrets

ANONYMOUS

Although he said that it wasn't serious, the doctor put me to bed for a week.

On Tuesday I was to have had a very important conference with the Governor at the Capitol on the child-labor amendment and the relief cuts. And there was that luncheon of the Slum Clearance Board at which I was presiding and the speech before the young voters and a rather important convention of clubwomen where I was to be a guest of honor. It was one of those weeks in which you simply have to have a dozen hands, a 40-hour day, and a motorcycle in order to get around to everything — decidedly the wrong time to learn that one's blood pressure is in the eighties and one's heart is skipping the odd beat.

Julia Gershberg persuaded Mary Scott to preside at the luncheon in my place, sent Carl Upson out to address the youth, put off what she could put off, and took care of most of the rest of the office detail.

I had my conference with the Governor over the long-distance telephone.

Miss Gershberg brought the mail and took dictation at my bedside morning and evening.

Julia Gershberg is 28. She has been with me 10 years. Being my secretary is a hard job. The hours are long and irregular, and the pace is terrific. Besides, Julia has a husband and a 3-year-old boy. The husband is a young lawyer who earns barely enough to cover his office expenses; and Julia's salary, which is a fairly good one, has to keep their apartment running. Of course the baby is in nursery school this year, and that makes it possible for Julia to get along with part-time help. Julia dresses her baby, gives him his breakfast, and does her marketing over the phone before she leaves for the office. Her husband takes the boy to school, and the maid, who comes at one, calls for the youngster at four o'clock.

Julia has it all organized very well, but nevertheless it must be a great strain on her. Suppose, for instance, that the baby takes sick or the maid doesn't show up? Those fears must be in Julia's mind all the time. I know they are. After all, I went through that myself, when my children were babies and I had to be at my office every day. Yet, if Julia is disturbed or harassed, she never shows it when I'm around. She seems always so orderly and well poised. She's ambitious too — plans to study law at night next year, if she doesn't have another baby. In a great many ways Julia reminds me of myself at her age. She is very much the daughter I should have liked to have.

It was after seven when Julia and I finished Thursday night's mail.

As she was putting on her hat and coat, she asked, "How does it feel to be a lady of leisure?"

I made a wry face. "No good. It gives you too much time to think. Lying here, I keep taking inventory. And I'm in mortal fear that I'll discover I've laid in a stock of gold bricks."

"You!" Julia scoffed. "You! No woman in America has had a more brilliant career, has been more socially useful."

"Save the eulogies, my dear. In bed, Julia, I'm only an ailing female. Nothing more."

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My Husband

Jimmy dropped in after Julia had gone. He had finished his dinner and was on his way to the concert. He asked me rather casually how I felt and said that, if I wanted him to, he'd stay and keep me company.

Thursday is Jimmy's regular symphony night. He bought his first subscription ten years ago and ever since, barring illness, of course, he hasn't missed his weekly concert.

I said I wouldn't think of depriving him of his music and that I'd do a little reading and try to get to sleep early; he might as well run along and enjoy himself.

"If I can enjoy myself," added Jimmy, "after that dinner your Mary just served me." He spoke with painful resignation.

"Oh, heavens, what now?"

"Mary knows I can't eat fried foods. At least she should know if you've ever taken the time to tell her. You certainly have spoiled her. You let her run the house her own way, without regard for anybody's desires but her own. But, after all, it's *your* house."

"Oh, Jim, how can you? Mary tries to be considerate. You know it just isn't possible to have lamb chops and chicken every night."

That was begging the issue. The conflict rested in that pronoun *your*, and danger lay there as well. But I had made up my mind long, long ago that I would never let Jim be reminded that I was earning more money, was more successful materially than he. He might toss out the challenge, as he did tonight, but he couldn't make me take it up. I have felt lately that Jim is irked by my unwillingness to quarrel with him. Possibly he feels that I'm depriving him of a chance for self-justification and self-pity and of an opportunity to punish me through my feeling for him, by forcing me to recognize how pathetic he is. We can go on arguing about Mary but, if I can help it, we will not argue about ourselves, because, once we admitted and faced the truth, neither memory nor habit nor hope would be strong enough to keep us together.

Mary is the perfect housekeeper. She has worked for me seven years, and I can't imagine how I ever got along without her. The fulcrum of the existence of every married woman who has an outside job is domestic help, and the right sort of housekeeper is more rare and precious than the fabled pearls of Loretto. When I think back on the pre-Mary years, I say a prayer of gratitude for this treasure.

But Mary seems to resent Jim. She treats him almost as though he were an intruder. She finds it easy to gear herself to my swift tempo but seems impatient with his, which is a much slower and actually a much more normal pace.

Jimmy is very methodical. He always has breakfast at the same moment: eight-fifteen on the dot. His morning menu never varies. He arrives home promptly at five forty-five, and is washed up, rested, and ready to sit down for dinner at half past six.

That punctuality annoys Mary. Don't ask me why.

Jimmy has lately become very finicky about his food. He pesters me about it when we are at table together and nags Mary when I'm not there. And, the last few years, he has been having these strange "attacks." They come on him without apparent warning. He had his first one four years ago.

I had managed the gubernatorial election campaign (my first big political job) and had become quite friendly with the Governor's family. They were at our house for dinner on election night, and we were all to go to headquarters afterward to await the returns.

At table the Governor turned to me and said: "Edith, if I'm elected, I'll owe it to you. And I won't forget it. We'll go on up together."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Jim turned white and reached for his water goblet. He was chalky as though he were going to faint. He tried to get up but couldn't.

We called the doctor at once.

He made a careful examination but said he could find nothing organically wrong.

The Governor and his wife went on to headquarters, but I stayed with Jim, filling hot-water bags and holding his hand.

X rays and a cardiograph were taken of Jim that week. They were negative.

However, my husband had acquired a new interest in life. He began to fuss about his diet, to coddle himself somewhat ostentatiously, and to complain a bit more than usual. The "attacks," however, came on again and again. It seemed to me that he had one every time something happened that called attention to his inadequacies.

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In my enfeebled state tonight, I certainly had no desire to bring on another and so I smiled, squeezed Jim's hand, and said, "I'm sorry about the dinner, dear. I'll certainly speak to Mary about it. Run along now and try to have a pleasant evening."

Jimmy is quite accustomed to going out alone — not only to concerts but to the theater and the movies. It's grand that he enjoys those things, because I have meetings so many nights a week, and he would find life impossibly dull if he had to sit around the house alone. He hasn't many friends of his own and doesn't care at all for the people who come to see me.

The Children

Things were otherwise when the children were young. Jimmy stayed home with them and liked it. They played games together, read aloud to one another.

But Gilda's married now and lives in Chicago; Christopher is in South America, working for an oil company; and Anthony, though he's home, might as well not be, for all we see of him.

Most of my contact with Anthony's personal life is through things that outsiders tell me about him.

Mrs. Scarborough, who has just been elected president of the Women's Club Federation, says that Elaine, her daughter, is mad about Tony, because he's the "divinest dancer."

And Joe Kinney of the *Journal* stopped me in the street recently to let me know that he had been responsible for keeping Tony's name out of a story about a brawl at the Club Roget. Tony, they tell me, has quite a reputation as a man about town. I don't know whether to be pleased or annoyed.

I've meant to talk to Tony about the night-club matter, but somehow we haven't been able to get together. He doesn't need to be at his office until ten and so he's asleep when I leave in the mornings. He's usually out when I come home. This week he has bobbed in and out of my room, bringing me flowers, magazines, and the latest Broadway gags, but he has always been in a hurry to leave for somewhere. He looks pale, but there isn't a handsomer creature in white tie and tails in all the city. When I'm out of bed, I'll try to make a date to have lunch with him downtown. Aside from his personal life, I've been hearing things about the brokerage outfit he is with that do not sound so good.

Anthony is the only one of the children who was never close to Jim. Gilda and Chris were always with their father. Jim and Chris used to go to concerts together and take walking trips, before Chris graduated from engineering school and landed this job in Venezuela.

I tried to talk Chris out of taking a position so far from home and told him I'd help him get something nearer, but he told me: "No thanks, Mother. If you don't mind, I'd rather get ahead on my own. I don't want to be just another one of your successes."

It was Jimmy who brought the news to me that Gilda was going to marry Chet Hartford. He said Jill was afraid to tell me herself.

No wonder she was afraid. The child was barely eighteen. In a vague way, I had been looking forward to Jill's growing up, hoping that then we might become acquainted and enjoy each other's companionship. But Jill never seemed to be interested in the things I was doing. She wouldn't go to college, wouldn't ever read a book if she could help it, said politics and "causes" bored her insufferably. I had expected to be able to do so much for her, introducing her to the right people and helping her socially. But Gilda wasn't responsive. When she was old enough to come to my parties, she crept around like a little mouse, keeping out of the way as much as possible.

Not that she isn't pretty. Jill has lovely eyes and hair, and her features are like her father's — regular and soft. She could very easily be an attractive person if she only would accept a little guidance.

Jill has much in common with her father besides looks. They both like music and the theater and home things. They both hate crowds and meeting new people. And I am certain they both hate me. Neither of them has ever by word or deliberate action ever demonstrated that hatred. But I understand human motivation. Jim and Gilda have every reason to hate me. I have taken away Jill's mother and Jim's wife.

Ever since she was a tot, Gilda has been left with strangers. The mother who has come home at night has been too tired and too full of her own problems to sympathize adequately with

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a child's difficulties, even though she had the best will in the world to do so.

One night, when Jill was ten, I brought a group of people home for highballs after a meeting. It was near midnight when we got to the house.

I unlocked the door, and there was Jill in her pajamas, sitting on the steps, fast asleep.

Mayor Hardesty carried her to bed for me.

Jill woke up in her bedroom, and at first she saw only me. Her eyes were bright with pleasure, but her voice was reproachful: "Oh, Mommy, I thought you'd never get home."

"What's happened, darling?"

"The most wonderful thing — I'm going to be the Queen in the play and I'm going to wear a shiny silver dress and a solid gold crown and, Mommy, can I have your bracelet to wear? I'll take very good care of it, Mommy — and Donald is going to be the King, and, Mommy, he's the loveliest boy" —

Mayor Hardesty laughed, and Jill saw him there for the first time. She was frightened. "Who's that strange man?"

"That's a friend of Mommy's."

She began to cry. "I don't want Mommy's friends in my room. I want my daddy in my room. I want my own daddy."

I had to call Jim to quiet Gilda.

He looked silly with his wrinkled pajamas and touseled hair and he was quite rude to the Mayor. "You both might have known better," he said.

I saw Jill before she went to school in the morning, reassured her that she might have the bracelet, and told her I'd have the costume made for her by my dressmaker. And actually, to everyone's (including my own) amazement, I did manage to get over to see the play.

My presence there, though, didn't have quite the effect on Jill that I had anticipated. When she caught sight of me sitting in the audience with a group of the teachers, she seemed to tighten up, and I got the feeling that she thought I was stealing her show.

That was only one little incident. There were others, all the time.

I was aware, right along, of what was happening but I couldn't improve things very much. I had my job to do. It took big gobs of money to clothe, feed, and house this family, to buy medical and dental care and education for three children. Then there was I and the something inside which drove me. I was what I was. And that made Jill what she is.

It actually was best for Jill to marry Chet. Even if she had waited a few years longer, she couldn't have done much better. Chet's family is Middle Western, substantial, conservative. He is doing very well in Chicago as branch manager for a colossal food concern. The kids have money in the bank and a well-furnished apartment, and Gilda expects a baby in July.

I spent a few hours with them in Chicago last October when the Election Special stopped over for the big meeting at Soldiers Field.

Chet and Jill came aboard the train and chatted for a while in the midst of all the hubbub. Then Jill whispered something to Chet, and Chet said, "Say, couldn't you spare an hour to run up to our apartment? You've never seen the place, you know."

I was dog-tired. I had a thousand things to do and had been hoping to get in a shower and a little rest before the meeting but I said I'd be glad to go with them; and we were all delighted that I did.

Their home is charming, and it was a joy to see Jill in her pretty kitchen. She made a delicious cheese soufflé for our supper and she treated me with an odd sort of deference, as though I was a stranger on whom she was trying to make a good impression.

"Heavens, child," I told her, "don't fuss in the kitchen so much. Sit down and talk to your mother. I don't care what I eat."

Chet answered for her: "Jill would rather feed you than talk to you. It's easier for her. She's always been a little afraid of you."

A Good Start

It isn't Jim's fault, and it isn't mine that he has cause to hate his wife. And no marriage ever began on a more ideal basis than ours.

I was just out of college when we met. While we were going together, I got a job on a newspaper. It was my first job, and I liked working. The paper liked me, too.

Jim hadn't known quite what he wanted to do when he left college, and, when his uncle offered him a job in a real-estate office, he took it. He had no great passion for selling real estate — was, as a matter of fact, quite contemptuous of salesmanship in general — but this was an anchorage, and it offered a salary,

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and a salary meant the chance to marry me.

We decided that his $25 a week and my $15 were plenty to get started on. We married in 1912.

In the course of my work, I had met beautiful Inez Milholland and the famous Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and some of the other stimulating women who were crusading for suffrage. The new feminism took hold of me.

Jim was sufficiently modern to agree readily that women had sense enough to vote — at least his girl had — and to work, too, if they wanted to. Partly because of that and partly because my salary did make a difference, it was agreed that I should keep on with my job.

I did well. My pay was raised several times. I began, too, to be more active in the suffrage movement.

Once, when a meeting turned into a riot, I landed in jail. When I came home from the workhouse, Jim was a madman. I thought he was going to beat me.

But he didn't — just said between clenched teeth: "If you ever pull any nonsense like that again, I'll get a divorce. If you don't care what happens to you, you might think about me. It's *my* name you're leaving on police blotters, remember."

Never a word to ask whether I'd been hurt in the roughhouse or treated badly in the prison. No sympathy for our game fight.

I was dreadfully hurt, and I salted the liniment that I rubbed on my bruises with a few angry tears. But I kept my peace — because in those days nothing in the world was more dreadful than the thought of losing Jim. I was crazy about him.

We had a three-room apartment, and keeping house in it was fun. We fixed breakfast together, Jimmy squeezing the oranges while I made coffee and toast. The bed was turned back to air during the day, and at quarter past eight we turned the key in the lock and departed for our respective offices. My day was usually shorter than Jim's, and I did the marketing on the way home — chops or steak or hamburger or fish, a vegetable, a small cake for dessert, and cream and fruit for breakfast. Jimmy made the bed and straightened up while I put the dinner together. We shared the dishwashing. A colored girl came in once a week to give the place a thorough cleaning. Evenings, there were parties, concerts, the theater, and long walks. Life was simple, stimulating; it was fun.

Our objectives were modest. We wanted a family and enough money to live comfortably. Neither of us was hell-bent on fame.

When Jimmy got a raise and we had nearly $1,000 saved up, we decided to have a baby.

I kept on with my job until my condition became too obvious.

We hadn't realized — either of us — then, how much my work meant to me. It hadn't dawned on us that I was one of those fantastic creatures who want to live like women and work like men.

I found sitting idly at home waiting for a blessed event bad for my temperament and took on homework in the form of special writing and promotion for the various causes I was interested in. I finished up a pamphlet in the hospital two hours before Christopher was born. And after that, literally, I wrote with one hand and rocked the cradle with the other. I did these things because I liked doing them, just as I liked cooking and having friends in of an evening.

Tony came a year and a half after Chris.

And when Tony was a year old we were in the World War.

The Turning Point

Jimmy was in France nearly a year. He escaped injury, though he was gassed.

He was a sadly changed person when he came back. His buoyancy was gone. He seemed to want to shrink into himself. It was hard for him to meet people. He craved, almost to the point of obsession, quiet and solitude.

I had done so well with my wartime job that all sorts of opportunities were now presented to me. And there was a big change in our domestic life.

When I awoke in the mornings, I planned the household's day — meals, work to be done by the housekeeper, what Tony and Chris were to do after they came from school (they had started nursery school at two and a half — though protesting long and loud — it was better to have them in the care of trained psychologists and teachers than at home with a maid). Having organized the household for the day, I used my trip downtown on the subway to plan the day's work. My office was small then — a little cubbyhole with my name on

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the door and *Public Relations* under it and one stenographer and a boy to run the mimeograph machine and go on errands. If one of the children was ill, I took my work home and divided my time between nursing and writing.

I wish fervently that Jimmy had had some of the breaks which came to me. I was very anxious to help him get placed after the war, to use my new contacts for him, but his wrath at my suggestion was terrifying. He doesn't know and he never will know if I can help it that he is in the office of Gaither & Wiley now because Mr. Gaither's sister and I serve on the same committees.

Having Gilda was the last important thing Jimmy and I did together. After that, though we lived in the same house, shared the same room, we were leading two separate yet curiously intermingled lives. I was Jimmy's wife and the mother of Christopher, Anthony, and Gilda. I was also, between nine and six-thirty and often much later, Edith Benson. My family accepted the earnings of Edith Benson but had nothing else to do with her.

Of course, I had the full responsibility for running our home.

A man who works comes at night to a ready-made home life. His desires are catered to. His comfort is important — for, after all, isn't he the person who pays the bills? But the woman who works remains also a woman, with all the traditional responsibilities of her sex.

Tenuous Attachment

One summer when Tony and Chris were in camp in Maine, the camp director called Jim's office to say that Tony had what they thought might be appendicitis, and Jim telephoned me to say that I'd better send over for a sleeper reservation and get ready to leave at once. It never occurred to him that *he* might go, that his work could spare him more easily than mine. Or perhaps it did occur to him, but he was determined not to let me forget that I was Tony's mother.

That, of course, is to Jim the crucial thing. I must never be allowed to forget that I belong to him and his children — that he acquired me years ago for a wife and mate and intends to hold me to that primitive purpose, to master me by making me pity him, if he cannot be sure that he holds me through love or respect.

Of course, he has been proud of me, in a way. No man minds his wife's achieving things, provided they are little things. Husbands like to say: "My wife painted a pretty nice picture," or, "Missus Benson's club is putting on a big show this week. She did all the work" — gratifying but inconsequential achievements, which one can mention with a tinge of patronage, a hint that it's really remarkable that the helpless little creatures can do anything at all. As long as the Missus is earning a little pin money, is using her professional skill in the same way that another type of woman might do tatting or crocheting, to keep idle hands out of the devil's way, there's no problem.

But, the minute his wife earns more money, becomes more professionally important, no husband can tolerate the situation. Not merely Jim — *no* husband. Look around among the husbands of the successful career women you know. Possibly there's no outspoken dissension; everything may seem sweet and lovely. But listen carefully and maybe you'll hear him complain about his health. He will have "protest" ailments, like Jim's mysterious "attacks."

If I haven't talked about love, it is because I have, these last fifteen years, put sex pretty much out of my life. That belongs to women with nothing else to do, to those females whose advantages I recognize even while I concede them no envy. It must be pretty swell to concentrate on making yourself desirable. But love is for women who are not tired, not hectic, not "important."

I travel about the country a good deal, without my husband and with many men who are attractive and eager. Had I been so minded, it would have been simple to have "affairs" and to choose a substitute for Jim. And I have no doubt that Jim has been similarly encouraged by more than one woman who felt sorry for him because his wife neglects him.

But we have kept together because neither of us really wants to lose the other. We remember and we hope — I, that a time will come when there will be so much money salted away in government bonds and in annuities that financial insecurity cannot frighten us; Jim, that I will get tired at last of the mad drive of my existence; both of us, that we may one day recapture the perfection of our earlier companionship. Like all the rest of the world, we live in remembered illusion.

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The Scholarship Racket

by **DONALD ANDREWS**

WHEN WORD is passed that Johnny is going to college and has been awarded a "scholarship" of a certain specified amount, this may mean any one of a number of different things. Possibly Johnny is a star student in his high-school class. Or he took a competitive examination and won. Or he is a good enough student to be academically desirable and could not go to college without some kind of aid — that is, he appealed to the benevolence of the college. Or he is a fairly popular boy, and was given a scholarship by a college that sought, through him, to establish a following in his high school. Or the college he chose was urgently in need of more students and gave him this scholarship inducement to prevent his going to a rival institution. Or the principal of his high school promoted the scholarship for him. Or he plays football or the tuba or something.

All of which is to say that a scholarship is a variable quantity and may or may not have anything to do with intellectual achievement. It may represent an honor or it may derive from such ignoble origins as to be, in reality, a reproach. It is some of the more sultry types that have almost established the term *scholarship racket* as good, acceptable, English usage.

To get to the bottom of the matter it is necessary to understand (1) how the present more or less disgraceful scramble came to be, (2) where scholarship money comes from, and (3) who has a right to benefit by it. It is only because the public in general has no suspicion of what is behind the scenes and because the word *scholarship* to most people suggests an honor that the racket has attained its present ominous volume.

II

FOR THE HEAT of this acquisitive scramble for scholarships the colleges undoubtedly have themselves, first of all, to blame. It originated in the competition for students, which, in its present exaggerated intensity, is pretty much an outcome of the business depression. When family incomes dwindled, many students dropped out of college and many who had hoped to go were forced to give up the idea. This was tragedy to numbers of colleges and universities, especially the less opulent, which are obliged to depend on a regular flow of student fees for their very existence. They had to get students, by any possible means. To cut prices in competitive barter would have been crude and undignified; but to offer scholarships was in line with good academic tradition. As a result, the competitive offering of scholarships has not infrequently created a veritable auction, in which the student is offered, by himself or his parents, to the highest bidder. All colleges deplore this sort of thing. The best conscientiously try to keep entirely out of it, and none engages in it openly or frankly. But the discouraging fact remains, just the same.

Before we go any further, let it be pointed out that even at its worst this dark side of the education business has had its virtues. The depression was a fact; money *was* scarce; and a lot of students who now have a college education could never have gone beyond high school had it not been for this intensified competition among the colleges. And this recently augmented rivalry has had one other benign angle to it. In those serious first five years of the 'thirties the colleges found the word *scholarship* more attractive to a sobered public than even athletic fame, and, as a result, the search for students of unusual intellectual ability almost totally eclipsed the idiotic competition for good football material, which had been the chief collegiate disgrace of the 'twenties. Best of all, this reform promises to be a lasting one. If the celebrated depression has done nothing else to or for the colleges, it may well go down in blessed memory as having helped to bring

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about this shift in emphasis from the side show to the main tent in the enterprise of education.

But, if the scholarship idea has turned out to be a Frankenstein for the colleges, it is not wholly because of the exigencies of institutional promotion. There are several other powerful factors that contribute to the evil result. Chief among these must be mentioned the competing students and their parents, who have entered into the game with amazing aggressiveness.

This is not merely because of the human delight at getting something for nothing, though that motive is powerful enough. Some scholarships involve real money — amounts that are not to be lightly looked on. For almost any boy or girl and for a large proportion of parents, a matter of perhaps several hundred dollars a year is something to take seriously. Well, certainly to *take*, anyhow!

Under these circumstances neither student nor parent is particularly disturbed by the fact that this habit of chiseling the more hapless colleges means still greater problems for the colleges themselves in the matter of faculty salaries, in most cases already pitifully low. The deadly attraction of the scholarship "honor," not to mention the more crass economic triumph involved, can generally be counted on to disperse any scruples that might otherwise restrain the avarice of the student or his family.

But, in addition to the college on the one hand and the student and his parents on the other, there is another party to the racket who so far has escaped the invidious notice he ought to have received. That benevolent and unintentional culprit is the enterprising high-school principal who desires to impress his constituency with the exceptionally high standard of work that is being done under his direction. He knows the defenselessness of many of the colleges and realizes that they can be used to help fly his kite. He therefore urges his students to work for scholarships wherever possible. He backs up their efforts with strong direct appeals of his own and he knows that colleges and universities which really need students will make considerable sacrifices in order to retain his good will. His letter to a college admissions department, urging the merits of one of his students for some kind of scholarship award, may come precious near being a holdup. When he writes, the colleges listen. They had *better* listen if they want him to recommend them to his students in the future, especially to those who are full pay! This practice is a form of blackmail, of course, but it may enable him to publish, at commencement time, an impressive list of the scholarship honors his students have won, to the glory of his town and his school, to the great edification of the parents concerned, and to the utter dismay of the colleges.

The extremes to which this sort of thing is carried are quite amazing. The same student will apply for scholarships all over the place — for many, indeed, that he would not think of accepting even if they were offered him. He wants them just for the honor of winning them and having them published in the *High School Boast*.

I am thinking, for example, of a student in a very prominent Middle Western high school, whose major interest was chemistry. He had already secured a full tuition scholarship in a college eminent for its work in scientific fields (Oberlin) but he made a long journey to present himself as a candidate for a very much smaller scholarship offered by a little college notoriously deficient in laboratory facilities — one which he certainly had no thought of attending. But he "won" it, and both scholarships were listed after his name in the annual show of scalps taken by the braves of the graduating class. It was nothing to him that the little college in question would probably set aside that money for him on its books, refuse it to other applicants who badly needed it, and assume his good faith for weeks or months until word finally trickled through that he was simply using that college to contribute its share to the noise of his high-school graduation.

These things happen so often that it is impossible to doubt that many high-school principals consciously connive at them. This is circumstantially evident in the surprising number of items that get included in the published lists of scholarships which really are nothing of the kind.

One boy got a guarantee of $200 worth of employment at a certain college, in order that he might be able to attend. As a student, he was only a trifle better than average, and would never have been seriously considered for a genuine scholarship by the college which gave him the job. Yet this guarantee of work was

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boldly entered in the high-school announcement as a $200 scholarship.

A case is reported, from farther west, in which a boy got a job in a restaurant in the college town and the job was solemnly credited to him as a "scholarship" by his high-school publicity department!

From all of this it is evident at least that the misuse of scholarship honors is not merely a phase of college rivalry. It is true that one still finds cutthroat competition among the colleges; but in accounting for the racket one must also remember the cupidity of students and their parents, the attractiveness of an honor even though it be a fictitious one, and the public ambition of predatory high-school principals. All these things have contributed to the degradation of the once honorable estate of scholarships.

III

BUT ANOTHER point, equally interesting, is where the scholarship money comes from.

Some of the big institutions have many endowed scholarships; practically all the colleges, even the poorest, have a few. That is, they have endowment funds that have been left to them with the express stipulation that all income from their investment be used for scholarship grants. Yale, for instance, has over $8,000,000 of endowment thus restricted in its use. But this is only 8.4 per cent of the total endowment of the University, and the sums granted in scholarships, etc. per year total only about 3.13 per cent of the University budget. On the other hand, contrast this with one of the smaller institutions (1,300 students), which has an endowment of about $6,000,000, with nearly 40 per cent of it designated for scholarships.

In extreme cases, an institution having too large a proportion of its endowment funds specified for such use may be "scholarship poor." That is to say, it has money to be used to induce good students in larger numbers to come to its campus but lacks funds adequate to provide the type of faculty and the laboratory and library facilities that those good students should have. One Middle Western college, with a total income from endowment of only $35,000, announces scholarships totalling $15,100 per year — 43 per cent of its endowment income.

But the source of the vast majority of scholarship awards made by colleges and universities everywhere is simply the general treasury of the institution. Sometimes this practice of using general funds for scholarships is legitimate enough. A rich and heavily endowed institution can generally do it without inflicting hardship on the members of its own staff and with wholly advantageous results in extending its influence and in raising or maintaining its academic standards through the securing of superior students. Amherst awards over $88,000 per year in scholarships and similar grants, but this is only 8.2 per cent of its total budget of $1,067,000; Oberlin, taking need as well as scholarship into account, awards over $68,000, but this again is only 5.2 per cent of its annual operating budget of approximately $1,200,000. Obviously these figures are well within what the colleges, both of which limit their enrollment to about 800, can afford.

In most cases, however, the matter is not so simple. In nine out of ten colleges, taking the country as a whole, the funds in the treasury are hopelessly inadequate for the educational needs of the institution. In these colleges every dollar contributed to the scholarship account means a genuine sacrifice. Every increase in scholarship grants from such institutions means more students but less adequate facilities for them. This obviously is a vicious circle: the greater the grants for scholarship aid, the poorer the facilities; and, the poorer the facilities, the greater the adventitious inducement required to secure students. And so it comes about, paradoxically enough, that the least affluent institutions are often found giving the most scholarships. Thus, too, they get a reputation for local benevolence and academic largess that almost lays them open to the charge of giving away money under false pretense!

At any rate, the average application for a scholarship award is simply soliciting alms from people who can ill afford to give them. It is a peculiarly disingenuous use of the familiar tin cup. It is, quite literally, asking a little group of men and women of very small income how much they are willing to contribute to the cost of the applicant's education. Sometimes, no doubt, that question is asked in frankness and humility by students who have no other alternative. In such cases the petition is an

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honorable one. But no one should make it without a decent heart searching on his own part, to make sure that he can afford to accept donations that cost the givers so much.

A corollary to this is that, on the whole, high-school students and their parents should be cautious in even considering a college that is too ready with offers of aid and scholarships. Does it indicate that the college is rich and really in a position to make social benefactions on a large scale? Or does it mean that, having little academic distinction, it offers scholarships instead? In any event, it is better to investigate these things before matriculation than afterward.

IV

UNDER THESE circumstances—scholarships being what they are — the most practical question is: Who should have them?

To this there can be only one ultimate answer: They should go to students of superior scholastic ability and achievement *who cannot attend the college without financial aid.*

Somebody at this juncture is sure to point out that scholarly achievement is a matter of brains and energy, not of affluence or poverty, and that rich students as well as poor should be encouraged to compete for scholarship honors. Furthermore it is very often true that the motive behind the offering of scholarships, endowed or unendowed, is a desire not to help impecunious students but to help the college by attracting better students to its halls. At least in these cases, it may be said, the question of the student's resources should be regarded as irrelevant.

Certainly scholarship competition should be free and open to everybody. If two boys, one rich and the other poor, maintain equally brilliant records or pass definitive examinations with equal distinction, they should have equal honors. But this does *not* imply that they should be given equal cash awards. Let both be given blue ribbons or silver cups or honor pins or gold medals or public honorable mention or anything else to represent their achievement — and that in equal and just degree. But why measure the honor by a money contribution? A man is not awarded $100 worth of the Legion of Honor; the Congressional Medal has no price tag on it or check attached to it. The rich student as well as the poor has a right to be proud of winning high academic honors. The objection is not to his winning the honor but to his taking the money. If he has a keen sense of social values he will certainly let the money that might accompany the honor go to help some other deserving student who cannot come to the college without such aid. It is safe to say that there is no college or university officer *anywhere* charged with the administration of these things who does not doubly respect a winning candidate who has the spontaneous decency and social conscience to make that saving distinction.

There are, in brief, two points to make clear in this connection. A student who is morally awake and who has adequate private means will decline scholarship aid from the average college or university simply because he knows that its faculty cannot afford it. And, whether the institution be rich or poor, he will decline to compete for available funds against students (of whom there are always a practically unlimited number) who need the money much more than he does. If the institution does not press the point, he will do so himself, as a matter of his own honor.

The best institutions generally are beginning to adopt this point of view. Harvard, for example, offers its regional scholarships to winners in a country-wide series of examinations open to any students eligible for its freshman class. To win one of these scholarships is a notable distinction for any student, rich or poor. But the actual money stipend is left to be determined by reference to the student's personal circumstances. The winner may receive up to $1,000 or even more—an amount, in other words, that will enable him to come to Harvard. If he is amply able to pay his own way, he comes as a regional scholar just the same but receives no financial assistance. Eventually all scholarship grants from standard institutions will undoubtedly be made on such a basis.

Obviously there are many cases in which this special aid is wholly justifiable. A few ounces of exceptional cerebral matter occurring now and then in the human mass are, of course, the most precious possession of the species. If the golden values of exceptional mentality are allowed to lapse just because the possessor's father was not successful in the chaotic stampede of the economic world, the resulting

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social loss is a reckless and inexcusable one. If ways were not available to finance such able but impecunious students it would be society's first duty to invent them. The granting of scholarships is such a means. But there is no defensible reason why any student, however brilliant, should be paid merely for attending college. There is no reason why money which has been philanthropically given to help the cause of education should be dispensed to students who do not need it.

The accepted justification of the social function of scholarships makes it all the more clearly ignominious for students of adequate means to join in the scramble to bring home the bacon whether they are hungry or not and no matter how many others are. When you see, in a published list of scholarship awards, that So-and-so, whose father is a well-to-do business man, has won a scholarship of $75 a year from a struggling and painfully underequipped little college, you must know that the forfeit of that pathetically small handout (and probably many more like it) has cost that heroic and long-suffering college faculty enormously more than it means to the clever boy who "won" it. When the son of a rich manufacturer adds to the family's renown by winning a $600 scholarship in a prosperous Eastern school, he is not in that case working a hardship on the school's teaching staff but he *is* robbing some boy less fortunate than he of perhaps his only chance of going to college at all.

The president of one of the principal banks in a civic center of about 150,000 population wrote to a college in a neighboring town for a catalogue and for information regarding scholarships, student work, etc. A representative of the college called at his rather impressive office to find out the pertinent facts in the case.

The situation is about as follows: The man in question is building a quite magnificent home, and it is costing him a lot of money. (It is probably costing him more than all the homes of the college faculty put together have cost; but he says his job requires him to put up a good front.) He is also buying, on regular installments, a big block of stock in the bank of which he is president. (Probably none of the faculty whose largess he bespeaks for his boy owns a share of stock in anything.) As a result, his salary of $12,000 and all his regular income from other sources is just about budgeted. (The average yearly salary of the faculty from whom he is asking aid in educating his son is probably in the neighborhood of $1,800.) So, though it would cost him only about $600 a year to send his boy to the little college he selected (he could have afforded one of the best in the country), he hopes the college has scholarships for which his son may apply or that it has work he may do in order to defray a part of his expenses. He thinks it is a good thing for a boy to earn some money as he goes along, anyway. (As everybody knows who knows anything about such things, the opportunities for work within the gift of any college are, like scholarship funds, necessarily limited and should of course be reserved for students who *must* earn a part or all of their way.)

It is reported that the little college found it possible to accommodate this fellow, probably with the foolish thought that some day, when his estate is paid for and he has bought up the rest of the stock of his bank, he may feel an impulse to make a gift to the college! At any rate the gods appear to have saved this man's self-respect by denying him a sense of humor.

On the one hand, scholarships *are* forms of aid, of charity if you will, and people of independent means who seize upon them will some day be thought of along with those who fraudulently participate in public relief. On the other hand, this exalted charity exists because the public as a whole and in its own best interests *wants* to help competent students who honestly need assistance. For society never knows when, through its collective benevolence and endowed hospitality, it may be entertaining genius unawares.

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The Best Seller Nobody Reads

by **FREDERICK K. STAMM**

THERE IS enough dynamite in the Bible to shatter to smithereens our old religious beliefs tinged with superstition, our sectarianism, our insane social order which keeps a large section of our population on the verge of starvation, our blundering international relationships which keep the world sitting on the rim of a volcano, and our unbrotherly industrial relations which cause the worker to hate the employer and the employer to look with suspicion on every movement of the worker to better conditions for himself and for his family. As William Lyon Phelps says, "You can learn more about human nature by reading the Bible than by living in New York."

If only people would read it! But they don't. The Bible remains the best seller of any book ever published, and most people own one. But that doesn't prove that it is being read. Even preachers don't read it. They read books *about* the Bible instead. Half our preachers couldn't deliver an expository sermon to save their necks. They get their texts and subjects from current events. Bibles are given to church-school pupils, and many Bibles are given as friendly gifts. But I've never known a Bible to be given away on condition that it be read. If reading were a condition of receiving, many Bibles would have to be returned. Bibles repose in most hotel rooms, but few give evidence of having been handled by anyone except the chambermaid. A Bible makes a nice appearance in the home library, but a Bible in the home but not read isn't a Bible at all.

When anthracite coal was discovered in Pennsylvania, it took a long time for men to realize that its chief value was in its capacity to produce light, heat, and power. The Bible has had the same sort of history. Men have failed to see its highest value and have put it to trivial uses.

The Bible is frequently used as an idol. Men venerate it rather than employ it. It is even regarded by a lot of people as a book of science. But it isn't a textbook of science of any sort; it is a book of life or spiritual experience of God in the soul of man. Some people read it as a sort of penance. Reading it has been regarded as a kind of religious chore — something that had to be done whether one wanted to do it or not or whether one profited by it or not. All these are bad uses of the Bible and prevent its use as a book to furnish light, heat, and power to mankind.

People have read the Old Testament and found in it nothing but a God of wrath and vengeance and have read the Epistles of the New Testament as though they were a body of theology instead of a record of the deep religious experience of those who wrote them. If one fourth of the energy which has been expended in trying to make men assent to human deductions from Paul's Epistles had been steadily exerted in pressing the Sermon on the Mount into the conscience of mankind, it may be questioned whether there would be today an unbelieving person within, or a pagan nation without, the bounds of Christendom.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

THE BIBLE'S imperishable value is that in its words our selfishness, our smallness, our sin stand rebuked and in its pages we are shown how, in the place of these, there can be imparted to us strength, comfort, hope, warmth. And yet, because we have insisted on a literal, mechanical use of the Bible, the advance of real religion has been retarded. All kinds of partisans have found in the Bible confirmation for their pet prejudices, by picking and choosing in this great storehouse of proof texts. The Roman Catholic can prove by

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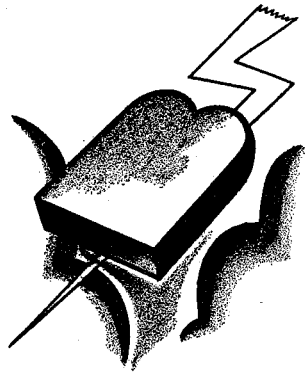
the Bible that Jesus founded the Catholic Church when he said to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." . . . The Baptist finds proof in the Bible that immersion is the only form of baptism. The Presbyterian can find warrant for sprinkling and for the baptism of infants. The Kaiser found in the Bible the Lord of Hosts leading his Teutonic followers to battle for imperialism. The Quaker declares that everyone should be an unyielding pacifist because Jesus said . . . "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The Calvinist can find texts to prove that there is a burning hell, and the Universalist finds in the same Bible the promise of the ultimate restoration of every soul and of the blessed experience of eternal life. Every partisan may behold in the Bible nothing but the reflected oddities of his own particular face.



For,

> In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it and approve it with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

It is plain from all this that to tell people they ought to read the Bible because it is the book of the church or because they are commanded to read it won't get any appreciable number of them to do so. Any book, to get itself read, must be found to contain something that is worth reading. And the plain reason why most people do not find the Bible a lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway is because they do not know how to get help from it. They don't read it because they don't know how to use it.

The truth is that much of the language of the Bible is fluid and literary, not fixed, rigid, and scientific. If a man takes up the Bible and reads, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon," or, "The trees clapped their hands," or "The mountains skipped like lambs," or "The hills melted like wax in the presence of the Lord," he ought to know that he is reading poetry, not literal fact. When he reads that, under the persecution of a wicked king, three young Hebrews walked unhurt in a furnace of fire seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated and came out without even the smell of fire on their garments, he ought to know that he is reading poetry, not prose. The voice of the Lord God as He walked in the garden in the cool of the day; the heavenly visitors whom Abraham is represented as meeting at the door of his tent; the voice that spoke through the roar of the thunder on Sinai; the dramatic experience of the repentant Jacob wrestling with the angel till the break of day; the startling account of the fall of the walls of Jericho at the blasts of the trumpets — all these belong to the poetry of that earlier day rather than to the prose history of material fact. The deplorable part of it is that by mistaking accuracy for truth and poetry for history we have nearly succeeded in persuading people that the Bible is a dull book.

People will go on misinterpreting the Bible until this plain truth is recognized. They will go on, too, regarding it as a dull book until the law of development in the Bible is regarded as highly as is the development in biology. The word *God* will always be spelled with the same three letters, but there is a long sea mile between the prophet Micah's conception of God and the idea produced by the writer of the second book of Kings.

> Wherewith [writes Micah] shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?
>
> Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

But, when the writer of II Kings spoke about God, he did it in this fashion:

> And he went up from thence unto Beth-el: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head.
>
> And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.

Anyone who reads two such contradictory ideas of God in the same book ought to know which one is the more highly inspired. No man ought to put his intelligence in a corner when he reads the Bible. Read and interpret the

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Bible as you would any other book. That part of the Bible which each man uses and applies intelligently to his own life becomes the real Bible for him. There are any number of passages in the Bible which have unusual value for the history of ideas but are not literal history. The wise man will always discriminate.

Eternal Principles

The Bible is the one book which gathers within its pages all the great spiritual forces in the world which are waiting to be unlocked by the preachers, the statesmen, the politicians, the industrialists, and all the common people. The religion it teaches is at bottom ethical. It has to do with human conduct — conduct that has its roots in the God of all the earth Who must ultimately do right. It says to men, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and always running through its pages is the insistence that a man can know God only as he loves his fellow men. And, when we bring it closer home, what else than right human relations lies back of our own withering judgment on unscrupulous politicians, hard-headed industrialists, and rich men who pay the bills of churches and then go out to exploit their fellow creatures; on unforgivingness, injustice, race prejudice, and a multitude of other attitudes which run counter to the ethical teachings of the Bible? Always in the end we assert, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

Three great ideas proceed from the Bible.

First of all: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* We've accepted that for our children, but grownups give a pitiful exhibition of it. We fight like beasts of prey when personal interests clash. We make the world a place of bitter, hopeless, grinding hatreds.

Second: *Go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor.* Unless the desire for possessions is mastered and curbed by other interests, they will destroy the spirit which they ought to serve. The modern world cries for more and more and more. We have a mania for Things and not enough love and respect for human personality. We think that, if machines and men can only make enough, then man will have enough to satisfy him. Always our desires outstrip our making of things to satisfy them. When shall we know how to master our possessions and, more than that, how to live together without devouring one another?

The third outstanding teaching of the Bible is expressed in these words: *I came that ye may have life and have it more abundantly.* On a Sabbath day Jesus found a crippled man whom he set out to heal. People called it sacrilege. It was impious to give him help to ease his sufferings. The only thing that men were to other men in Jesus' day was property. How far beyond that have *we* gone? When are we going to teach and teach vigorously that life must be affirmed, that all men shall have a chance at life and their personalities be filled with beauty and significance?

A nation that doesn't read a book that contains these fundamental human principles, and seek to order its political and social structure upon them, is headed for disaster.

Not many people would want to burn a Bible. But they don't read it. They say they are too busy. Every hour is mortgaged. In the morning they must hurry to go to work and in the evening they must hurry home to do something else. Many people don't read the Bible because they are ashamed to be found reading a book whose latest pages are 2,000 years old. Some don't read it because it is too bulky and too long. They didn't say this about *Anthony Adverse* or *Gone With the Wind.* (If they did, it didn't keep them from reading.) Yet the Bible contains no more than 1,300 pages, and there are all sorts of shorter editions. And, since, in the end, the Bible is not one book but 66, each book can be bought for as little as one pays for his newspaper; and the individual can make his own selection.

Life in the Bible

The Bible is the greatest picture gallery in the world. It lifts the hearts of men to love for God through beautiful, emotion-stirring scenes. It is always the

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unforgettable love of God which breaks the heart in responsive thanksgiving.

The Bible draws pictures, too, of the baneful effects of sin. Are we so modern as to think that we are not sinners? What this old world needs is a lot of people who are not afraid to look in the Bible to find the ugly truth about themselves and to realize that now, as ever, moral unfaithfulness will not escape its doom of failure and that the wages of sin is death.

Cain, the murderer, goes out into the world branded by the mark which he will never erase until his affrighted soul cries out in bitterness, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

The brothers of Joseph sell him as a slave into Egypt and laugh with cruel satisfaction at their envious triumph; but the time comes when they say to one another, "We are very guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

Saul, the first king of Israel, goes at last to the Witch of Endor, saying, "I am sore distressed; for . . . God is departed from me, and answereth me no more."

Ahab, the king, shrinks before the prophet with the stifled exclamation, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" and hears the dread answer: "I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," sang the psalmist; but the voice of the fool is not the voice of that deep instinct of right and wrong which the Bible exists to reveal in men. "God is not mocked," that record says; "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." And in the eternal issue of right and wrong, the Bible in a hundred places sounds the warning:

> I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death. . . . Therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed shall live.

Isn't this the need of the modern world? The crisis through which we have been passing goes back at last not to material conditions but to the character and conduct of men. When we have a breakdown it is always in the realm of economic and human morale. A reckless competitive greed between classes within each country and between nations has brought the world into a deadlock. It is increasingly evident that our world does have to choose between life and death and that the only way we can have life is through the cultivation in people of those ideals of justice, mercy, and human sympathy, which the Bible forever exalts.

In John Masefield's poetic play, *The Trial of Jesus*, there is a striking conversation between the wife of Pilate and one of the Roman soldiers who formed the guard at the tomb of Jesus.

The soldier comes back to report that the tomb is empty and that Jesus is not to be found.

"But where is he?" the wife of Pilate asks excitedly and with fear.

"Loose in the world, lady," the soldier replies, "where no power can slay him."

Loose in the world! That's why that part of the Bible we call the New Testament was written — to let Jesus loose in the world. The authors of it do not present a dead Jesus nor one imprisoned in history. He is not a heroic figure in a great story; he is a living spirit, an active force in the lives of men, an abiding influence in the world. If only organized religion wouldn't continue to insist on putting Jesus into a creed, a doctrine, a dogma, a form of government. These are all tombs in which he is imprisoned. The New Testament is a picture gallery where Jesus can be seen and where his presence can be felt.

Gamaliel Bradford wrote in his journal:

> I do not dare to read the New Testament for fear of its awakening a storm of anxiety and doubt and dread of having taken the wrong path and of having been traitor to the plain and simple God.

He, at least, had no doubt that the New Testament was alive.

> *We search the world for truth. . . .*
> *We come back laden from our quest*
> *To find that all the sages said*
> *Is in the Book our mothers read.*

If we are to have people of large faith, broadly and evenly useful in promoting principles which will last, they must have the Bible not only in their hands or on the bookshelf but in the heart. For, without it, moral life becomes a barren expediency, the world a puzzle, death a horror, and eternity a blank. More and more it shines the only hope of what without it is all darkness.

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The Artist's Point of View

Paul Burlin—Pioneer American Modern

Paul Burlin

The Seamstress

CERTAIN ARTISTS in this country and Europe *are* the Modern Movement. Others represent fringes, echoes, or offshoots. Still others have wrapped themselves so effectively in cocoons of ignorance or self-defensive resistance to change that they have remained immune to the modern revitalizing spirit and continue to practice their craft of copying nature as if nothing had happened in the world of art in the past quarter of a century. This stratification of artists is natural. The same thing happens in other fields. And the confusion which results from the mixture of standards and comprehensions is also natural and, like the poor, apparently will be always with us.

In claiming that certain artists are the Modern Movement, I try to separate definitive qualities which are basic and universal in their application from those which are particular and personal. The former make a general platform on which all genuine moderns stand; the latter are the diversities inherent in the personal equation. Choice of subject matter I place in this latter category. The fact that the so-called American School deals with contemporary American life instead of with still-lives does not make its members "moderns."

What does make an artist an authentic modern?

The power to re-create subject into his own idiom and the power to organize all building materials — color, space, form, etc. — into plastic, three-dimensional *design*. As simple as that — a return to the universal law. For the great, enduring art of the ages has been creation and design.

Paul Burlin is one of the relatively small group of American artists who have thoroughly understood this universal law since the early days of the Parisian awakening. Self-taught before Paris, he had less to unlearn than the miseducated crowd of young artists of the second decade of our century. He understood Cézanne's revolution in approach. He inherited the new life which that revolution achieved — not only from Cézanne but from earlier manifestations of it in Courbet, Delacroix, Manet, and the great historical past. He assimilated this new knowledge easily, and it worked in his painting as the Paris School made modern history. The knowledge has been a normal part of his makeup from that day to this. I mean normal and integral. I do not mean cerebral and external. He is not an academic modern in the sense that he has learned a recipe. He is not what he calls a perfectionist or technician. He has assimilated essentials. These essentials work in and through him as a part of his emotional as well as intellectual life. So distilled, they give character to all his painting and help determine his attitude toward his world.

Re-creation and the sense of design, then, control every brush stroke in Burlin's paintings. He is as sensitive to the playing of color, space, and form chords as is a Beethoven or Sibelius to chords of sound. Every space, every color, every form *works* in his paintings. There are no holes, no accidents transplanted from nature, no mere reporting of facts. Color plays against color, space against space, form against form as these portray subject. There is always this double function of the means — the harmonic and the portrayal of subject character. Subject has changed through the years from the studio to life. Subject transmits its character to the design and so gives validity to it. But both are always present. It is this blending of the two which creates authentic art. Paul Burlin is an authentic modern.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

New Verse:

B — Poetry of Distinction

BULLINGER BOUND, by Leonard Bacon (Harper, $2.00). If Leonard Bacon were more serious, he would be our best satiric poet.

SAID BEFORE SUNSET, by Frederick Mortimer Clapp (Harper, $2.00). The most contemporary of our imagist poets, more lucid than reality.

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE BOUGH, by Eileen Hall (Scribner, $2.00). The first book of a new lyric poet of authentic power.

MY BROTHER A. E. HOUSMAN, by Laurence Housman (Scribner, $3.00). The 30 hitherto unpublished poems included in this volume are not unworthy.

LAND OF THE FREE, by Archibald MacLeish (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). In his text facing 88 photographs, the poet writes an eloquent "sound track" for questioning America. Our so-called liberty — was it after all only a now vanished abundance of the soil? "We wonder, we don't know, we're asking."

SONNETS FROM NEW DIRECTIONS, by Merrill Moore (New Directions, $0.75). You like or do not like the facility of these latest of Merrill Moore's 50,000 "sonnets." The Merrill Moore sonnet is a new form but retains the essential statement and rejoinder of sonnet tradition.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND OTHER POEMS, by Sydney Salt (Humphries, $2.00). Imagist verse symbolic of the struggle to unite dreams and action.

THE HERNE'S EGG, by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan, $2.00). Three plays in verse — Irish fables of eerie beauty and modern meaning.

C — Verse of Merit

HIGHER THAN HILLS, by Richard Burton (Poets Press, $2.00). Mr. Burton's tenth book of verse is appropriately dedicated to that consecrated friend of New York poets, Dr. Guthrie.

SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE, by Stanton A. Coblentz (Wings, $1.50). Moves with ease through a vast variety of themes.

FAREWELL TO POESY, by W. H. Davies (Humphries, $0.75). Gay and spontaneous.

NEW POEMS, by W. H. Davies (Humphries, $0.75). Intimate and companionable.

THE EVERLASTING MINUTE, by Louis Ginsberg (Liveright, $2.00). One of the most spontaneous of our questioning poets.

ENOUGH TO HUNGER, by Virginia Huntington (Morehouse-Gorham, $1.00). Wistfully satiric.

SAUL KING OF ISRAEL, by Victor S. Starbuck (University of North Carolina, $2.50). The epic of Saul in symphonic verse. The narrative is sustained throughout on a high metrical plane.

ROBIN LANDING, by Stanley Young (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00). A red-blooded pioneer play of a Kentucky trading post.

D — Verse of Originality

CHRIST'S COMING DAY, by H. Campbell (Our Hope Publications, $1.00). The Book of Revelations in sonnet sequence.

MEZZOTINTS, by Martin Chesley (Poets Press, $1.50). Brightly episodic.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS' TERCENTENARY, by Patrick Henry Concannon (Field, $1.00). Natural verse with hymnal rhythm.

THE RAINBOW ROUND THE THRONE, by F. Lincoln Davis (Stratford, $2.00). Hopeful lays of our now quarantined democracy.

THE MICMAC TRAIL, by A. P. Goudey (Humphries, $0.50). A ballad of tragedy in the wilderness.

POEMS TO MOTHER, by Meredith Gray (Humphries, $1.50). Verse of reverence and tenderness.

WARM RAIN, by Lucile Shanklin Hull (Kaleidograph, $1.50). Gracious verse from Virginia hills.

ROAMING RHYMES, by Robert MacGowan (Poets Press, $1.00). Gay silhouettes of travel.

ROSES WITH THE THRONG, by Marie Austin Major (Granite State, $1.50). Catholic verse of vigor and cheer.

TRIPTYCH: FREE-BORN, by Agnes Miller (Driftwind, $0.75). A firm and competent hand.

LINES FROM ARIZONA, by Berta Hart Nance (Kaleidograph, $1.50). Simple and vigorous imagery.

MARY OF SCOTLAND, by Marie Tello Phillips (Observer, $1.00). Prolific verse of easy cadence.

WHITE MOMENT, by Mabel Posegate (Dorrance, $1.50). Skill in the use of liquids and alliteration gives this verse a ringing clarity.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS, by Patience Strong (Dutton, $0.50). Miniature sermons of cheer and courage presented in the form of rhymed paragraphs.

GOLD-DUSTY, by Vera Marie Tracy (Bruce, $1.00). Healthy verse of Catholic faith, fresh and open.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT, by William Wade (Parthenon, $1.00). Gaily unpretentious but successful light verse.

E — Verse of Local or Personal Appeal

OLD SONGS IN THE NEW DAWN, by Stanhope Henry (Christopher, $1.50). Fresh observation in limpid rhyme.

THE CAROUSEL, by Constance Entwhistle Hoar (Ridgewood Herald, $1.00). Pleasant verse for the hearthside.

THE SAGE OF GREATHEART, by S. William Moore (Western Progress, $0.75). An unbitter little epic about Eugene Debs and the brotherhood of man.

Translations

ANABASIS, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace, $1.25). This French poem in sequences of rhapsodic paragraphs portraying the images of migrations now becomes significant because the exacting Mr. Eliot has been to the pains of translation.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF GREEK VERSE IN TRANSLATION, edited by T. F. Higham and C. M. Bowra (Oxford, $3.00). The editors are sensitive poets as well as masterful scholars. They have combed British libraries for the best translations of each poem and, wherever needful, have themselves admirably filled the gap.

Books about Poetry

A POET'S LIFE, by Harriet Monroe (Macmillan, $5.00), was reviewed in the May FORUM by Mary M. Colum. PLAY IN POETRY, by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50), is as penetrating a commentary on bounce and bite in verse as we should expect from this scholarly poet. SOME OBSERVATIONS ON EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POETRY, by David Nichol Smith (Oxford, $1.50), is a sympathetic reappraisal of the period of controlled simplicity. ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY, by William Empson (Norton, $2.50), is a keen discussion of the use of the tricks and conventions of the pastoral in all sorts of literature, old and new.

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$1,000 Prize Poetry Contest

Can a Poet Save Our Democracy?

THE FORUM has organized a prize competition for the most compelling poems *challenging the American people to be alert to their liberties.*

A total of $1,000 will be awarded in prizes.

This nation won an independent existence not by some process of abstract thought but because her men and women *burned* for liberty. And now the terrifying complications of a machine civilization have bred new forces which threaten the kind of government we call democracy and, with it, our hard-won and long-cherished freedom. Where are the poets who can reawaken our love of liberty.

In relating this poetry competition to the major world issues of the day, the Editors are not seeking to offer a theme but merely to strike a keynote. They hope that many leading American poets will be moved to enter the competition, which has been divided into groups, with prizes for each, as follows:

A — General Public	*B — College Undergraduates*	*C — Secondary-School Students*
1st Prize $300	1st Prize $150	1st Prize $100
2nd Prize $150	2nd Prize $100	2nd Prize $ 60
3rd Prize $ 50	3rd Prize $ 50	3rd Prize $ 40

WRITERS' CONFERENCE FELLOWSHIP

The Olivet Writers' Conference, of Olivet College, Michigan, offers a fellowship for 1939, covering all costs of the Conference, to the prize-winning contestant who, in the opinion of the Conference admissions committee, seems most likely to benefit by attendance at the Conference.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

A copy of "The Complete Rhyming Dictionary," edited by Clement Wood, will be awarded to each of the 50 contestants who seem most likely to profit by it.

JUDGES

Padraic Colum — William Allan Neilson — Carl Van Doren

Instructions: — *No poem is to exceed 40 lines in length. Manuscripts must be addressed to the Poetry Contest Editor; THE FORUM; 570 Lexington Avenue; New York City; and must be mailed before midnight of June 30, 1938. Under no circumstances will any manuscript be returned or its receipt acknowledged. Manuscripts must be clearly marked with the name and address of the contestant and with the group letter (A, B, or C) of the class in which the poem is being entered. Contestants in class B or C must state name of college or school attended.* ***In order to qualify for a prize, the contestant must accompany his submission with a remittance of 25 cents in stamps.***

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COMMENTS

Dear Mr. Leach,
Thank you for telling me about the prizes offered by THE FORUM for contests on poems for free institutions. Most popular movements have been accompanied by such things, and a great deal of their success has been due to the music to which they are set. It is hard to tell beforehand what will catch the popular ear, but I wish you all success in these prizes.

Yours very sincerely,
A. LAWRENCE LOWELL
171 Marlborough Street
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Leach,
The future of America is bound up with the success of our democratic institutions. Your contest presented at this time is most fortunate for it will not only encourage thousands of our good citizens to enter the contest, but it will also awaken a larger public interest. I wish you complete success in your most worthy enterprise.
With kindest regards, I am
Sincerely yours,
JAMES A. FARLEY
Office of the Postmaster General
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Leach,
We need to revive the sentiment and devotion to our institutions which have been so effective in bringing us along our national course thus far. To be successful, democracy must enlist the majority of the people in its support. This calls for the revival of sentiment, loyalty and a consciousness of our interwoven responsibilities as individual citizens and as a Nation.

Very sincerely,
DANIEL C. ROPER
The Secretary of Commerce
Washington

My dear Dr. Leach,
I am just in receipt of your letter of February eighteenth, from which I have taken note that the FORUM is about to sponsor a nation-wide poetry contest inviting the submission of poems on the theme "American Passion for Free Institutions."
The plan seems a most interesting one and I hope will inspire the creation of many stirring poems.
With best wishes for full measure of success, I am
Very sincerely yours,
HERBERT H. LEHMAN
State of New York Executive Chamber
Albany, New York

HENRY G. LEACH, ESQ.,
Every good wish for your poetry contest. I think it is an excellent idea and I hope it will have an effect.

Yours sincerely,
VAN WYCK BROOKS
Westport, Connecticut

Dear Mr. Leach,
In this day of bewilderment and pessimism, effective measures for the reinforcement of American devotion to democracy are not only desirable but necessary. I believe the FORUM'S search for stirring poetic statements of that devotion is a highly commendable undertaking, and you have my heartiest wishes for its success.

Sincerely,
FRANK MURPHY
Executive Office
Lansing, Michigan

Dear Mr. Leach,
I think you have a grand idea in the contest THE FORUM is to sponsor and hope it works out successfully.

Very sincerely yours,
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
The White House
Washington

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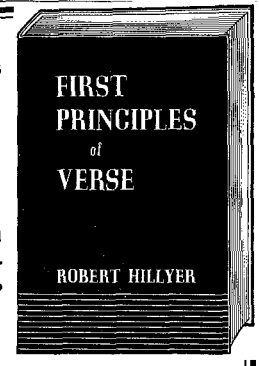

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE makes available to verse writers, teachers and critics, the accumulated results of Robert Hillyer's years of writing and teaching poetry. It treats not only the fundamental elements of verse — diction, imagery, the music of words, the various kinds of metre, basic metrical forms, and the special ones like the sonnet, the ode, and French forms — but also the bases of criticism of verse.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE gives information and practical guidance, and should appeal to everyone interested in poetry, the writing of it, the reviewing of it, or the study of its sources and publishing of poetry rather than the manufacture and selling of verse.

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MARC BLITZSTEIN: THE CRADLE WILL ROCK. The original cast, with the author-composer at the piano (Musicraft Album 18; 7 records, $10.50).

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: SYMPHONY IN F MINOR. The B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer (Victor M, AM 440; 4 records, $6.50).

MOZART: SYMPHONY NO. 25 IN G MINOR. "Sinfonietta," conducted by Alfred Wallenstein (Columbia 323; 3 records, $5.00).

JOHN GASSNER, in the "Theater Forum" for February, called *The Cradle Will Rock* "one of the most impressive products of its kind."

Of its kind meant revolutionary theater. *Its kind*, narrowed down still more, is a new kind: a new art form for the stage. It is music, drama, and the struggles of everyday life, with its humor, pathos, brutality, grimness, carefreeness, and irony rolled into one; it is a medium which is neither opera, operetta, music drama, revue, nor play with incidental music. Music is as integral a part of the whole as is the text, and vice versa, but the form eludes all of the traditional operatic patterns. It is not a play with music, because the music cannot stand apart from the text, and the text without the music loses its emotional quality.

Mr. Blitzstein calls it a "play *in* music."

Orson Welles, its producer, says for the present it has "only one name: *The Cradle Will Rock.*"

Obviously a new art form propagates controversy, this one the more so, because it is stigmatized by its admittedly revolutionary character. Therefore Musicraft's records are welcomed by those who would go beyond the storm and try to see what is really in *The Cradle*, in content as well as in form.

Repeated hearings indicate that *The Cradle* has a more genuine right to be called American opera — though it is not opera in the accepted sense — than any other work having such pretensions. It presents aesthetically the problems facing us today; it elevates the American scene into the arts while making no attempt to hide the tragic and ugly elements in our life or to escape from reality behind a screen of comforting tunes and trite lyrics.

The form is perfectly clear. A simple, bare framework of the story is filled in with music and text according as an aesthetic medium is required to emotionalize a particular situation. The desired effect is achieved through rhyme, rhythm, voice inflection, intonation, and a musical commentary which is almost continuous, except where silences are introduced for a purpose. At some times the music is primary, at others the text. But it seems to be the music, in general, which defines the mood. The score has jazz episodes, lullabies, recitatives, arias, chorales, and simple background accompaniments. In places the music is ironic or satirical; again it is serious, intense, or tender. The text is often colloquial and profane. Would it not be hypocritical to write a genuine American opera which avoided colloquialism and profanity? Music and text together are at once naïve and sophisticated, producing a magnet which tugs violently at one's emotions.

The Cradle is the tale of an industrial town on the night of a union drive and, in the course of its unfolding, shows the lack of balance between the "haves" and "have nots," drawing a provocative analogy between a whore and the respectable citizens who hire out their souls to the local tycoon. In contrast to the corrupt elite are the militant revolutionary workers, symbolized in the union organizer who warns that someday the "cradle will fall," and, as Mr. Gassner says, "while we are still under the spell of the playwright's indignation we hope that it will." To be sure, much of the spell is wrought by Mr. Blitzstein's musical genius.

The performance, which is excellent, is concerned not so much with finished, artful singing, with singers who are unable to act, as with actors who can sing. Staging seems unnecessary, for the suggested imagery is so clear that the running story and music and the remarks of Mr. Blitzstein allow you to act the work out in your mind. This makes it suitable for records. As for the lack of trained singing and the presence of profanity — you forget them when confronted by realism so stark that you blanch at its impact on your emotions.

The records, on the whole, are well made. Most of the lines are clearly articulated. Yet, as long as the book of *The Cradle Will Rock* (Random House, $1.50) is accessible, I suggest having it at hand, for sometimes the text becomes blurred. If you are susceptible to melody even when it is unconventional, you will find yourself haunted by Mr. Blitzstein's tunes and impelled to hum them. And some of the lyrics would arouse the envy of W. S. Gilbert.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' Symphony is also a recent work. Whatever its merits, it falls flat beside something so powerful as *The Cradle.*

One of England's contemporary composers of the greatest stature, Vaughan Williams is a well-disciplined musician whose music is always decorous and in good taste. His themes are derived frequently from folk music; his structure is conventional; and his orchestration is well wrought. You will find him melodious; you will find him a skillful craftsman; but you will find that his genius is spasmodic. The Symphony is bombastic and inflated. Though it is apparently well performed and well recorded, only a little of it maintains one's interest.

THE music librarian of a leading radio station believes that the Mozart Symphony is superior to the great G-Minor (No. 40). That No. 25 is a specimen of loveliness may be gleaned from listening to Mr. Wallenstein's live and spirited performance, which is ably recorded by Columbia and retains much of the true Mozartean flavor through the use of a reduced orchestra. But it is a tall order to expect greater things from it than from No. 40. This symphony is like the work of a precocious boy in anticipation of his riper fruits of maturity. The slow movement is a pearl among a string of shining beads. Columbia provides a miniature score of the Symphony with the album.

IN the April "Record Review," I objected to the Sandburg records on the ground that they had obviously been studied and prepared for recording. Musicraft has embarrassed me by describing the manner in which the songs were made: nothing could have been more spontaneous. However, impromptu or not, some of them still give me the impression of being too formal and stylized. Mr. Sandburg's manner of presentation, however, in no way detracts from their natural beauty. The Sandburg set is, beyond a doubt, something for record collectors to treasure.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

NATIONAL CONSERVATION

To the Editor:

I genuinely appreciate the opportunity of commenting upon Mr. Cooke's splendid article entitled "Is the United States a Permanent Country?" [by Morris Llewellyn Cooke, April FORUM]. In describing the devastation wrought by soil erosion, Mr. Cooke has posed the most fundamental problem which this generation will be called upon to solve.

All of us realize, of course, that in a permanent program to conserve our fundamental resource of productive land, we must rely primarily upon the farmers themselves. We have only recently begun to recognize the terrific odds which individual farmers must face in readjusting their practices in the interest of maintaining the fertility of the soil.

. . . . . .

. . . It is true that spectacular damages can be repaired through the splendid work of such agencies as the Civilian Conservation Corps. In our democratic system, however, a sound and permanent policy will largely depend upon the ability of individual farmers to incorporate sound land use practices in their day-to-day operations. Here, however, the farmer is forever faced with a dilemma. If he employs such practices he risks sliding further into debt. On the other hand, if he yields to his need for money income through cash crops, he destroys the fertility of his land. The national interest in resolving this dilemma has already been expressed in national programs to reimburse farmers for soil improvement, stabilize rural land values by refinancing farm mortgages, and in projects of resettlement and rehabilitation of stranded or tenant rural population.

We must clearly recognize that these measures are directed toward a central objective: that of placing farmers in a position where it is financially possible for them to adopt a system of agricultural practice which will secure to the nation its invaluable legacy of productive land.

In the application of national policy great care must be exercised to preserve and apply methods which are democratic in operation. As applied to agriculture, this requires that the agencies which aid, regulate, or otherwise affect the individual, be sufficiently near and available for his voice to be heeded and his role made effective. In this connection we should all the more appreciate the decentralized agencies of education and research provided by our system of land-grant col-

In The

JUNE ISSUE

of

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leges. The experiment stations and educational extension agencies of these institutions are correlated for purposes of national policy with the great Department of Agriculture. Situated in almost every State in the Union, the long experience of these institutions has provided them with an unequalled familiarity with local problems and conditions. Doubtless these institutions can be strengthened and co-ordinated in line with complex current needs. . . .

All will agree with Mr. Cooke that our urban population cannot afford to ignore the farmer and his land. All of the forces of modern life have helped to create the problem of dwindling soil resources. By the same token all of the instrumentalities of modern progress are obliged to play a constructive role in its solution. That it can be solved is attested by the transformations now in evidence in many regions of the country. In the Tennessee Valley the change has been remarkable. Eroded fields have now been placed in soil preserving cover crops of clover and other legumes. Gullied hillsides have been terraced and are being restored. The topsoil is being held on the land where it belongs. This change has been made possible through the combined efforts of national, state, and local institutions with which the TVA has co-operated during the past five years.

H. A. MORGAN

Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee

MILK PRICES AND PROFITS

To the Editor:

In your issue of February, there is an article entitled "A Fair Price for Milk" by Eliot Janeway. On behalf of the thousands of dairy farmers in the New York City milk shed who are readers of the *Dairymen's League News* and members of the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association, I must take exception to one or two statements in this article where the author infers that there is some sort of an illegal or monopolistic relationship between the Dairymen's League and the Borden Company.

The statements in the article are very misleading and will be recognized by our farmers who read your excellent magazine as the same kind of argument and innuendo used by Mr. Dillon and the *Rural New Yorker* against the Dairymen's League for the last twenty years. Borden's is one of the 35 dealers in New York who buy their milk of the Dairymen's League and the relationship between the two has never been anything more than any other dealer who buys his milk supply of the Association.

You do not need to take our word for this. Read the report dated March 8, by Attorney General Bennett of New York State on the milk situation and with especial regard to this very question it said:

"For many years charges of dealer domination have been levelled against the Dairymen's League. To our knowledge no actual evidence of dealers' domination has ever been found."

In addition to this, the Attorney General in his report refers to the Federal Trade Commission report on October 1936 on this very same question which said:

"No evidence was adduced showing the exercise of any control by the Borden Company over the League."

Progress toward fair price for milk at present centers in the New York Co-operative Milk Producers Bargaining Agency through which a total of about 50,000 dairy farmers, including members of the League, have been working together for seven months under the Rogers-Aller Law of New York State to get "a living price for their milk."

So, it doesn't make these farmers feel very good when they see in an article like this one I refer to, statements that they are in cahoots with dealers. You might about as well call them traitors to the cause of dairy farming. If the author of the article wished to present a fair statement of the milk situation from the farmers' standpoint, he ought to have checked with someone besides the publisher of the one paper that has fought against most of the constructive moves that farmers of New York state have made during the last 20 years. I speak with some feeling on this point because that is the way most of the co-operating dairy farmers of the New York milk shed feel about it.

D. J. CARTER, *Editor*

Dairymen's League News
New York, N. Y.

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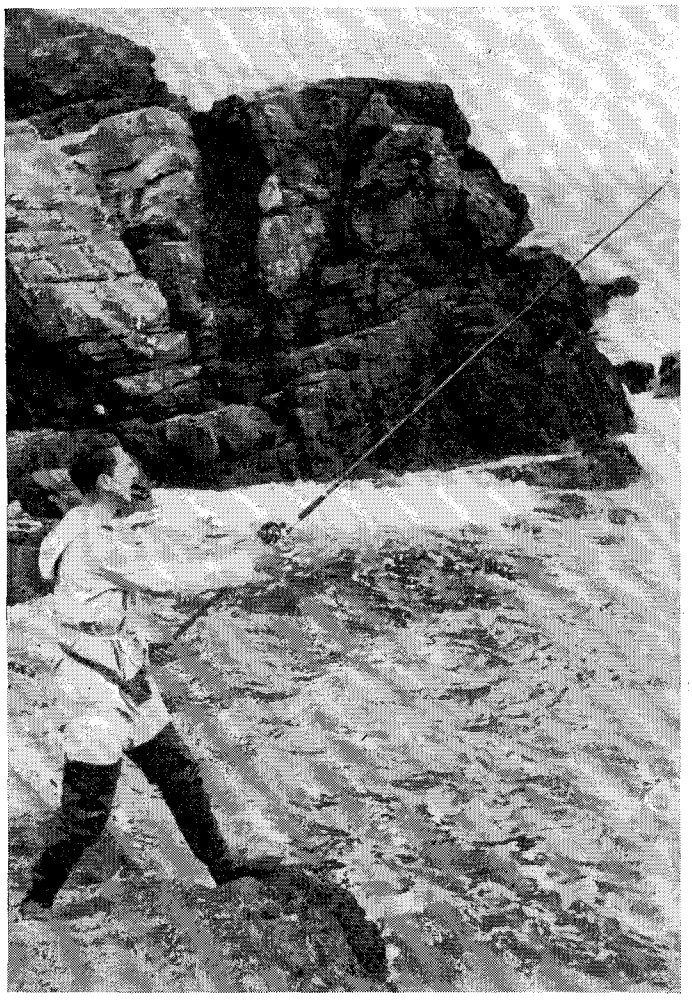

New England

for

Fun, Frolic, Food

and

Fresh Air!

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

Surfcasting in Maine

Below: Mt. Chocorua, White Mts.

I FIRST cultivated my taste for New England in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

That sounds a little crackbrained, of course, but let me explain:

My father, who was stationed there with his regiment, and a friend had arranged for a Sunday fishing trip all by themselves. Mother thought she'd help and without more ado decided that it would be good for me to go along and be out of her way for the day and that it would be good for Dad, as he'd have to keep an eye on me!

Dad won the day, Mother won the argument, and I went fishing. Did I tell you that I was only six at the time?

Well, soon we fishermen found ourselves on the rocky part of the coast where Dad "just knew the bass were running high and hungry"; and forthwith he and his friend prompted me to stay where I was and keep guard over the lunch basket and fishing tackle they weren't using, while they went their merry way after bass.

Keeping guard was all right as a five-minute assignment, but childish curiosity proved a greater urge than duty — and I wandered.

Perhaps it was my gurgles, perhaps they were just thirsty and came back for the inevitable British glass of shandygaff (a mixture of half beer and half ginger beer — and deliciously cooling). Most likely it was that. No matter the reason for their return, however; as Dad tells it, they pulled me heels first, spitting and spluttering and all but drowned from a sea-filled hole in the rocks. The hole was no bigger than an armchair and about eighteen inches deep.

Apparently unconcerned about my being saved from a watery grave, Dad worried more about another angle: "What will Mother say — your nice clean shirt and linen pants all soaked and dirty?"

To this day I have never found out what Mother did say; but I do remember that I never went fishing with Dad and his friends, if they were the only members of the party! I think she accused him of pushing me in!

However, contrary to general expectation, the experience did not scare me a whit — in fact it imbued me with a love of rocks and warm sea water. Yet, strange to relate, it was many years later before I was to enjoy in adult and enthusiastic manner a similar experience, despite thousands of miles of travel; and, as you have probably guessed, it was in New England — Maine, to be exact.

All of which brings us to the theme of this travelogue — New England.

It is rightly said that New England in summer is a revitalizing pickup, a stimulating draught for spirits jaded by winter's cold.

What would you — to relax with your knitting (or whittling) or take in your favorite sport? Name your choice, and I'll name you a score of places in New England where you can enjoy it to your heart's content.

Those six States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut have often been called the Switzerland of America — and for good reason. Within their borders can be found a greater variety of natural scenic beauty than anywhere else in an area of equal size. Their compactness is your good fortune; because lakes, mountains, seashore, and countryside are all within easy traveling distance of each other.

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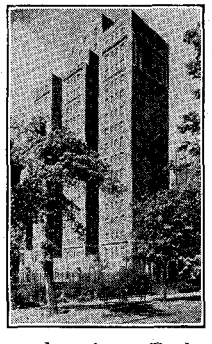

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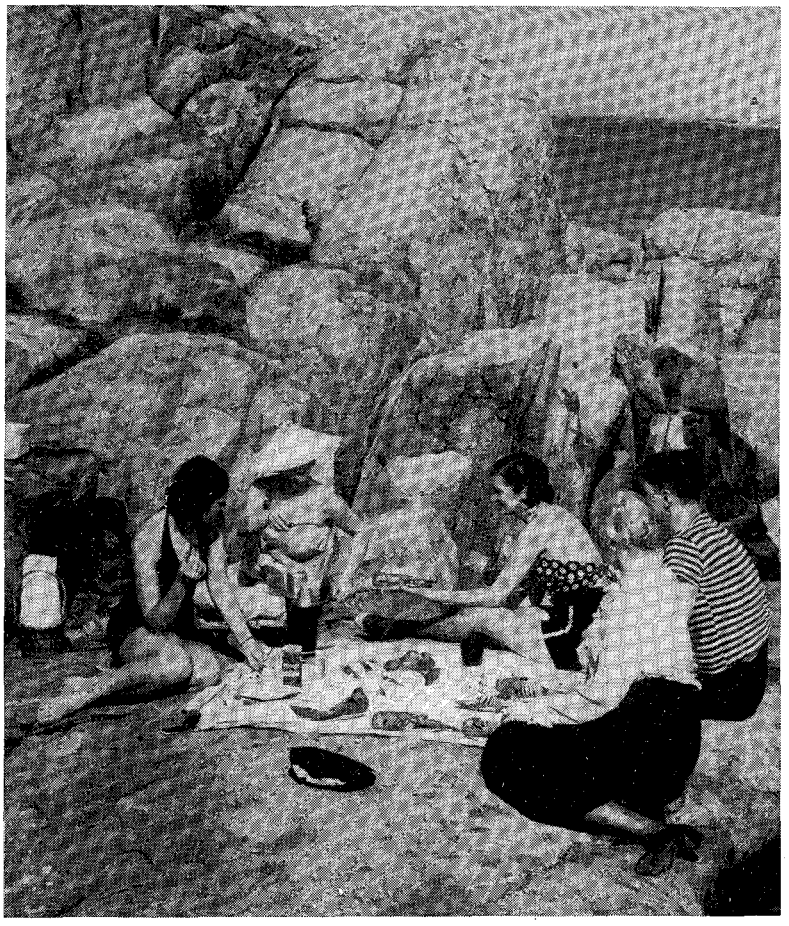

You can't "do" New England in a day or even two weeks, for that matter, and appreciate its true atmosphere — the salty humor of its old fishermen and the dry philosophy of its rugged farmers — or appreciate its aesthetic culture.

You don't just walk right into the arms of the New Englander, you know. He'll strike you as a taciturn sort of individual, rather given to wondering what the dickens you're wondering. But that's just a shell that hides the swellest kind of folk you'll ever want to meet. I like 'em. And the longer you stay the more you'll like them and New England.

Tradition gives them every right to regard all visitors as Strangers until such time as the Strangers prove themselves; but it does not hold them back a bit from being perfect hosts — which they are — and allowing you to indulge your fancy in anything that makes for enjoyment of your vacation with them.

Sports? Well, let's take them in some semblance of order and see what New England has to offer:

Swimming — Surf bathing in white-frosted rollers along a sun-warmed coast . . . long-distance ocean swimming . . . bathing and paddling in sea and lake.

Boating — Large lakes, like Winnepesaukee and Rangeley, and innumerable smaller ones affording excellent sailing and motorboating . . . 2,500 miles of seacoast with sheltered harbors that bespeak their own advantages . . . model yacht racing in specially built lagoons . . . picturesque regattas that delight the eye and sporting senses, followed on the water or from your rocking chair.

Hiking and climbing — Opportunities abound. Trail development began more than a century ago in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and has been extended through the other 5 States, until now probably 4,000 miles of hiking trails are maintained. Most of the trails are plainly marked. Some are laid out as a series of round-trip jaunts, and many connect with the main highways and transportation lines. Most have shelters, and many pass through public camping lands.

Mt. Katahdin, in Maine, 5,367 feet high, is a Mecca for hikers. Katahdin stands in undulating forest country dotted with lakes. Principal trails are reached from Millinocket on the southeast and from Greenville on Moosehead Lake. Mt. Desert Island, also in Maine, offers a rare combination of mountains and sea. Its trail system is 200 miles long.

New Hampshire's White Mountain district constitutes one of the most complete trail systems in the world — more than 2,000 miles. The Presidential Range, centering about Mt. Washington, is perhaps

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Travel

the best-known tramping ground in America. Franconia Notch, with its scenic wonders — the Old Man of the Mountains, Echo Lake, the Flume — is a maze of trails through breathtaking country.

VERMONT is crossed from north to south by the Long Trail, which starts at the Canadian border and follows the Green Mountain skyline to the Massachusetts border 260 miles distant. Overnight shelters are placed every 10 miles along the trail. Also along the way you'll find an extensive system of bridle paths, with good accommodations.

Vermont's Long Trail connects with the Appalachian Trail of Massachusetts, which crosses the western part of the State and passes through a number of attractive public reservations and State forests. A 450-mile bridle trail also traverses Massachusetts. Rhode Island has her Narragansett Trail, which "crosses the 'South County' . . . lakes . . . rivers . . . laurels . . . rhododendrons."

Connecticut has more than 400 miles of trails.

Hunting — Thousands of square miles of relatively wild forest and mountain lands rich in deer and small game . . . along the coast, duck shooting to satisfy the most exacting.

Fishing — Play a fighting tuna or a swordfish in New England waters; try your wrist, wiles, and fly on a brook trout in a fast-running stream; or, if you just want to fish, try a worm in a lily-covered pond or lake for panfish.

Golf — If you can remember, back in 1894 the country's first golf championship was held at the Newport, Rhode Island, Golf Club. Since then, between 400 and 500 golf courses have sprung into being in New England. While many courses belong to private clubs, the visitor will still discover plenty of others where he will be welcomed and where surrounding natural beauties and rolling topography make golfing a more than ordinary pleasure.

A few of the most noted courses in the six States are:

Connecticut's *Shennecosset*, at New London, located near the water.

Rhode Island's *Country Club*, at Bayatt, looking over Long Island Sound.

Massachusetts' beautiful Berkshire courses, spread over hills and valleys, and the Cape Cod links, where green, sand, and sea combine to test your mettle.

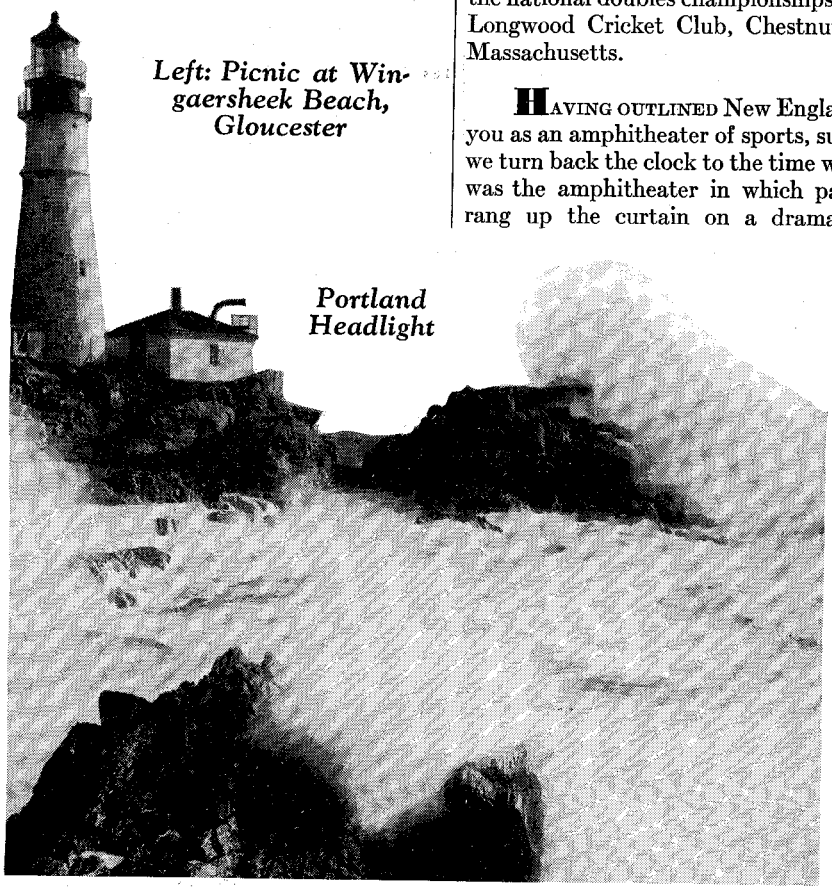
New Hampshire's *Bretton Woods* and *Balsams*, at Dixville Notch in the White Mountains.

Vermont's *Ekwanok Country Club*, of Manchester, surrounded by the towering Green Mountains.

Maine's *Poland Springs* and *Penobscot Country Club*, at Bangor.

Tennis — Most hotels and many towns maintain courts, and, player or sideliner, you can satisfy your desire for this sport. There are tournaments galore, including the national doubles championships at the Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

HAVING OUTLINED New England for you as an amphitheater of sports, suppose we turn back the clock to the time when it was the amphitheater in which patriots rang up the curtain on a drama that



Left: Picnic at Wingaersheek Beach, Gloucester

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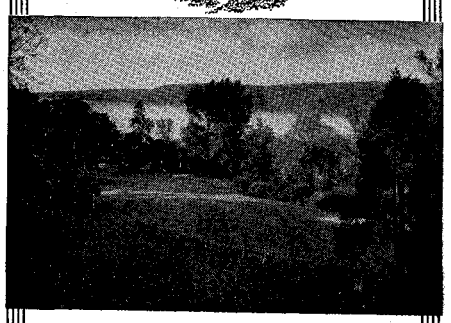

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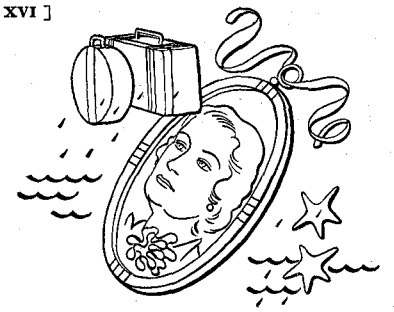

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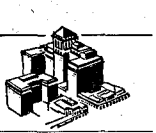

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started the cavalcade of American history.

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Revolutionary lore abounds, of course. But there are also literary and religious shrines at which to worship — the homes of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Mary Baker Eddy, Daniel Webster, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Joseph Smith (founder of the Mormon religion), Henry Ward Beecher, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Noah Webster, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Louisa May Alcott, Emily Dickinson, Henry Thoreau.

This summer New England offers educational opportunities to all, regardless of age or interest, at world-famous colleges and unique art, music, and dramatic schools.

The institutions vary from those located in metropolitan centers to those situated in tiny fishing villages, and they teach everything from acting and producing, through the standard college subjects, to jewelry making, painting, sculpture, and nature study. To them add nearly 400 summer camps — a combined educational and recreational movement — and you've some idea of the scope New England offers for "letting yourself go."

On the gayer side, we find dances, costume balls, picnics, and excursions; art exhibits, music and dance festivals, apple-blossom and foliage fetes, country fairs, summer theaters, horse shows and races; pine-needle skiing, seal hunting, pearl fishing, sand-dune tobogganing, horseshoe pitching, and skeet shooting.

And if, as I do, you participate in any of these, the New England air will give you an appetite worth boasting about — an appetite which will find fullest satisfaction especially in New England's famous sea foods. Your initiation will probably take place — if you are one of today's sensible travelers, who prefer the comfort and enjoyment of air-conditioned railway travel — in the New Haven Railroad's dining cars or grill coaches; and, if your clam chowder (real New England) doesn't whet your appetite for more — well, it will, that's all.

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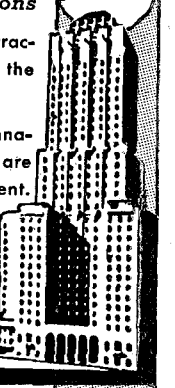

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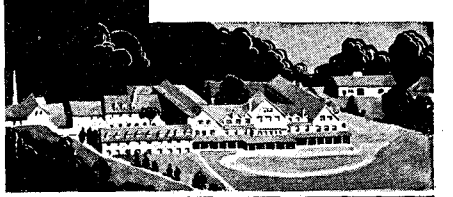

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